

They be the lines that lead the length,
How farre my race is for to runne:
They say my youth, is fled with strength,
And how olde age is weake begunne.
The which I feele, and you may see,
Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the stringes of sober sound,
Whose musicke is harmonickall:
Their tunes declare a time from ground
I came, and how there to I shall.
Wherefore I ioy that you may see,
Upon my head such stringes to be.

God graunt to those that white heares haue,
No worse then take them I haue ment:
That after they be layde in graue,
Their soules may ioy their lines wel spent.
God graunt likewise that you may see,
Upon your head such heares to be.

FINIS. W. Hunis.

5. Beware of bad I wyll.

Beware of had I wyll, whose fine byngs care and smart,
Esteeme of all as they deserue, and deeme as deemd thou art:
So shall thy perfect freend, enjoy his hoped hyre,
And faithlesse fawning foe, shall misse the effect of his desyre.
Good will shall haue his gayne, and hate shall heape despyte,
A faithlesse freend shall find distrust, and loue shall reape delice.
Thy selve shall rest in peace, thy freend shall ioy thy fate,
Thy foe shall fret at thy good happe, and I shall ioy thy state.
But this my fond aduise, may seeme purchaunce but bayne,
As rather teaching how to lose, then howe a freend to gayne.
But this not my intent, to teach to find a freend,
But safely how to loue and leaue, is all that I intend.
And yf you prouoe in part, and find my counsell true,
Then wysh me well for my good wyll, tis all I craue adue.

aduise

a difficult point

FINIS. My lucke is losse. B.i. 6. My

THE PARADYSE of daynty deuises.

VL

Conteyning sundry pithy preceptes, learned
Counsell, and excellent inuentions, right pleasant
and profitable for all estates.

Deuised and written for the most part, by M. Edwardes,
sometimes of her Maiestties Chappell: the rest,
by sundry learned Gentlemen, both of honor,
and worship, whose names here-
after folowe.

(.)

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Imprinted at London, by Henry Disle,
dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the Southwest
doore of Saint Paules Church, and are
there to be solde.

2

1578.



{ Saint Barnard } Jasper Heywood
 { E. 20 June, 1593 } { F. Kindlemarsh
 { Lord Vaux, the elder, } { D. Sand.
 { VV. Hunis. } { M. Yloop.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
norable Sir Henry Compton
Knight, Lord Compton
of Compton.



RIGHT HONORABLE . AND

my verie good Lord, (presuming vpon your curtesy) I
am bolde to present vnto your honor, this smale volme
Entituled The Paradise of deynnye deuises, being pen-
ned by diuers learned Gentlemen and collected togea-
ther through the travell of one, both of vvorshippe and
credite, for his priuate vse: who not long sine departed this life, vvhen
I had perused ouer, not vvithout the aduise of sundry my freendes,
I determined by their good motion, to set the in print, who therunto great-
lye perswaded me, vvith these and like vvords: The vvryters of them, were
both of honor and vvorshippe, besides that our ovvne country men, and
such as for their learning and grauitie, might be accompted of among the
wisest. Furthermore, the dittis both pithy & pleasant, as wel for the inuentio
as meter, and vvill yeeelde a farre greater delight, being as they are so aptly
made to be sette to any song in .5. partes, or long to instrument. VVhich
well considering, I porpoised not to forsake so good an occasion, bese-
ching your honor to accept it in good parte, cheefely for the au-
thours sake: who thought some of them are departed this life,
yet their worthy doings shall continue for euer: for like as
the shadow foloweth the body, so praise foloweth ver-
tue: and as the shadow goeth somtimes before, and
somtimes behind, so doth praise also to vertue:
but the later it commeth, the greater it is. &
to be the better esteemed. Thus fearing
to offend your honor with these my
rude speeches, I ende, wishing
your L. m. ny yeeres
of ioy

Your good Lordships wholly to
commaund. H. D.



The translation of the blessed S. Barnards verses, conteining the vnsstable felicitie of this wayfaring world.

*¶ Mundus militat, sub vana gloria, cuius prosperitas est transitoria ?
Tam cito labitur, eius potentia quam vasa figula, que sunt fragilia.*

Wh dooth eache state apply it selfe to worldly prayse ?

And undertake such toyle, to heape vp honours gayne :

Whose seate, though seeming sure, on fickle fortune stapes,

Whose giftes were neuer proued, perpetuall to remaine.

But euen as earthen pot, with euery sillip sayles,

So fortunes fauour flits, and same with honour quayles.

Plus crede litteris, scriptis in glacia, quam mundi fragilis, vena fallacia.

Falsax in premijs, virtutis specie, que nunquam habuit, tempus fidacie.

Thinke rather firme to find, a figure grauen in Ice,

Whose substance subiect is, to heate of shining sunne.

Then hope for stedfast stay, in wanton worlds deuile,

Whose sayned fond delightes, from falshed forge doo come.

And vnder Vertues beyle, are largely dealt about,

Deceiuing those, who thinke their date will neuer out.

Magis credendū est viris fallacibus, quam mundi miseris prosperitatibus

Falsis insanijs & voluptatibus, falsis quoque studijs & vanitatibus.

The trifeling truthles tongue, of rumours lying lippes,

Deserues more trust, then dooth the highest happy hap :

That world to worldlinges giues, for see how honour slippes,

To foolish fond conceptes, to pleasures poplond say :

To studyes false in prooffe, to artes applied to gayne,

To fickle fancies toyes, which wisdoms deemeth wayne.

Dic vbi Salomon, olim tam nobilis ? vel vbi Sampson est, dux inuincibilis ?

Vel dulcis Ionathas, multum amabilis ? vel pulcher Absolon, vultu mirabilis

Where is the sacred king, that Salomon the wise ?

Whose wysdome, forniere time of duety did commend :

Where is that Sampson strong, that monstrous man in syze ?

Whose forced arme, dyd cause the mighty pillers bend.

Where is the pearles Prince, the freendly Ionathas ?

O? Absolon, whose shape and fauour did surpasse.

S. Barnards verses.

*Quo Caesar abiit? celsus imperio, vel diues splendidus, totus in prandio.
Dic ubi Tullius, clarus eloquio, vel Aristoteles, summus ingenio.*

Where is that Caesar now, whose high renowned fame,
Of sundry conquestes wonne, through out the world did sound:
O Dines rich in store, and rich in richly name,
Whose chest with gold and dishe with daynties did abound,
Where is the passing grace of Tullies pleading skill?
O Aristotles bayne, whose pen had witte and well?

*O esca verminum, o massa pulueris, o ros, o vanitas, cur sic extolleris?
Ignoras penitus utrū cras vixeris, fac bonum omnibus, quam diu poteris.*

O foode of filchy worme, oh lump of lothsome clay,
O life ful like the dewe, which morning sunne doth wast:
O shadow bayne, whose shape with sunne dooth shrinke away,
Why gloriest thou so much, in honour to be plasht?
With that no certayne houre of life thou doste enjoy,
Hast fyt it were thy time to goodnesse to employ.

*Quam breue festū est, hæc mundi gloria, ut umbra hominū, sic eius gaudia.
Quæ semper subtrahit æterna præmia, & ducunt hominum, ad dura crucia.*

How short a banquet seemes the pomp of high renowne?
How like the senseles shape of shiuering shadow chine:
Are wanton worldly toys, whose pleasure plucketh downe,
Our harts from hope, & hands from works, which heauen should win.
And takes vs from the trod, which guides to enlesse gayne,
And sets vs in the way, that leades to lasting payne

*Hæc mundi gloria, quæ magni penditur, sacris in litteris, flos feni dicitur.
Vt leue folium, quod vento rapitur, sic vita hominum, hæc vita tollitur.*

The pompe of worldly pryple, which worldlings hold so deere,
In holy sacred booke, is likened to a flowre:
Whose date dooth not conceyne, a weeke, a moonth, or yeere,
But springing now, dooth fade agayne within an houre.
And as the lightest leafe, with wind about is throwne,
So light is life of man, and lightly hence is blowne.

FINIS. My luke is losse.

A. iii.

1. Dur

tbt clari preces hant potentia m æta ætæ claudunt omnia.

The Paradise

I. Our pleasures are vanities.

BEholde the blast, which blowes the blossomes from the tree,
The end whereof, consumes and comes to nought we see:
Ere thou therefore, be blownen from life that may not last,
Begin for grace to call, for time mispent and past.

Haue mind on little lyfe, whose pleasures are but payne,
On death likewise bethinke, how thou maiest not remaine:
And feare thy Lord to greene, which sought thy soule to saue,
To sinne no more be bent, but mercy aske and haue.

For death who dooth not spare, the kings on earth to kill,
Shall reape also from thee, thy pleasure, life, and will:
That lyfe which yet remaines, and in thy brest appeares,
Hath sown in thee such seedes, you ought to weede with teares.

And life that shall succede, when death is woꝛne and past,
Shall spring for euer then, in ioy or payne to last:
Where death on life hath power ye see, that life also,
Hath mowen the fruites of death, which neuer more shall grow.

FINIS. W. Hunis.

2. Who wayteth on this wauering world, and veweth each estate,
By tryall taught shall learne it best, to liue in simple rate.

Amid the vale the slender chymbe, is hid from all mishap,
The taller tree that standes aloft, is rent with thunder clap.
The Turrets tops which touch the cloudes, are beat with euery blast,
Soone shiuered are their stones with storme, and quickly ouer cast.
Best bodied tree in all the wood, for tymber beame is found,
And to the axe the sturdiest Tre, dooth yeeld and fall to ground.
The highest hill dooth soonest feele, the flath of lightnings flame,
And soone decayes the pompe and pryde, of high renowned name.
Of all the heard the huntman seekes, by pꝛoofe as dooth appere,
With double forked arrowe head, to wound the greatest Deare.
The haughtiest head of all the bꝛoue, enioyes the shꝛortest life,
And staines the slaughter house with blood, at pꝛicke of butchers knife.

Thus

Thus what thing byest place attaynes, is soonest ouerthrowne,
 What euer Fortune sets a lofe, she threates to throw it downe.
 And though no force resist thy power, nor seeke thee to confound,
 Yet dooth the payse of weighty things, decline it selfe to ground.
 For restless tye of roulling wheele, example hath it tryde,
 To heauy burden peelde it must ful soone, and slip asyde.
 What bayles the rich his bed of down, & sighes for slepless thought,
 What time in couch of flock the poore, sleepes sound & feareth nought.
 At homely boord his quiet foode, his drinkes in treene be tane,
 When oft the proud in cuppes of gold, with wine receiue their bane.
 The bed, the boord, the dread in dout, with trayne to be opprest,
 When fortune frounes, their power must peelde, as wyre vnto & wrest.
 If Icarus had not presumed to high to take his flight,
 He had not yet ben drowned in Seas, that now Icarion hight.
 If Phaeton had not enterprised to guide his fathers seate,
 His fires had not enflamed the world, nor ben destroyed with heate.
 But who so climes aboue the meane, there is no hope of stay,
 The higher by the sonner downe, and nearer his decap.
 Then you that here in pompe or place, to guide the golden mase,
 Let crowne and Septer both obay the meane of Vertues race.
 For neither shall renowned Vertue see the pit of hell,
 Nor yet in toombe of Marble stone, she may abide to dwell.
 But from Sepulcher flies she hence, beyond the l'kies aboue,
 And glistering in the blisful stares, she raines with mighty Joue.

FINIS. Jasper Heywood.

3. The perfect tryall of a faythfull freend

Not stayed state, but feeble stay, not costly robes, but bare aray:
 Not passed welth, but preseruat, not heped store but slender skat
 Not plenties purse, but poore estate, not happy hap, but froward fate:
 Not wish at wil, but wat of ioy, not hares good helth, but hares annoy:
 No fredomes vse, but prisoners thrall, not costly seate, but lowest fall:
 Not weale I meane, but wretched wo, doth truly try, & seend fro foe:
 And nowght but frowarde Fortune prooues, who fauning faines, or
 (simply loues.

FINIS. M. Yloap.

A.iiii.

4. Being

The Paradise

my head.

4. Being asked the occasion of his white head,
he answereth thus.

Where seething sighes and sorow sobbes,
Hath slaine the slippes that nature set:
And skalding showers with stony throbbes,
The kindly sappe from them hath set.
What woonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

Where thought hath thrita and throwne his speares,
To hurt the hart that harmeth him not:
And groning grieve hath ground forth teares,
Byne eyne to staine, my face to spot.
What woonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

Where pinching payne himselfe hath plasse,
Where peace with pleasures were posselt:
And where the walles of wealth lye waste,
And pouertye in them is prest.
What woonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

Where wretched woe will weaue her webbe,
Where care the clewe can catch and cast:
And flooddes of ioy are fallen to ebbe,
So loe, that life may not long last.

What woonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

These heares of age are messengers,
Which bidde me fast, repent, and pray:
They be of death the barbingers,
That dooth prepare and dresse the way.
Therefore I say that you may see,
Upon my head such heares to be.

They

They be the lines that lead the length,
How farre my race is for to runne:
They say my youth, is fled wick strength,
And how olde age is weake begunne.
The which I feele, and you may see,
Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the stringes of sober sound,
Whose musicke is harmonickall:
Their tunes declare a time from ground
I came, and how there to I shall.
Therefore I ioy that you may see,
Upon my head such stringes to be.

God graunt to those that white heares haue,
No worse then take then I haue ment:
That after they be layde in graue,
Their soules may ioy their lines wel spent.
God graunt likewise that you may see,
Upon your head such heares to be.

FINIS. W. Hunis.

5. Beware of bad I wys.

Beware of had I wys, whose fine byngs care and smart,
Esteeme of all as they deserue, and deeme as deemd thou art:
So shall thy perfect freend, enjoy his hoped hyre,
And faithlesse fawning foe, shall misse the effect of his desyre.
Good will shall haue his gayne, and hate shall heape despire,
A faithlesse freend shall find distrust, and loue shall reape delite,
Thy selfe shall rest in peace, thy freend shall ioy thy fate,
Thy foe shall fret at thy good happe, and I shall ioy thy state,
But this my fond aduise, may seeme purchaunce but bayne,
As rather teaching how to lose, then howe a freend to gayne.
But this not my intent, to teach to find a freend,
But safely how to loue and leaue, is all that I intend.
And yf you prooue in part, and find my counsell true,
Then wyshe me well for my good wpll, tis all I craue adue.

aduise

a difficult point

FINIS. My lucke is losse. B.i. 6. My

The Paradise

6. M. Edwards M AY.

W hen M AY is in his prime, then M AY eche hart reioyce,
When M AY bedecks eche branch with greene, ech bird streins
The linely sappe creepes, by into the bloming throne, (forth his voice
The flowres, which cold in prison kept, now laughes þ frost to skorne,
All natures Impes triumphes, whiles ioyful may doth last,
When M AY is gone, of all the yeere the pleasant time is past.

M AY makes the cheerfull hue, M AY breeds & bringes new blood,
M AY marcheth throughout euery lim, M AY makes þ mery mood,
M AY picketh tender harts, their warbling notes to tune,
Ful strange it is, yet some we see, doe make their M AY in Iane.
Thus thinges are strangly wrought, whiles ioyful M AY doth last,
Take M AY in time, when M AY is gone, the pleasant time is past,

All pethat liue on earth, and haue your M AY at will,
Reioyce in M AY, as I doe now, and vse your M AY with skill,
Vse M AY, whyle that you may, for M AY hath but his time,
When all the fruite is gone, it is to late the tree to clime.
Pour liking and pour lust, is freshe whyles M AY dooth last,
When M AY is gone, of all the yeere, the pleasant time is past,

FINIS. M. Edwards. vide Caluall
de aduentu beris fol. 17.

7. Faire words make fooles faine.

Of pouthful peeres when first my young desyres began,
To picke me forth to serue in Court a slender tal young man:
My fathers blessing then I aske vpon my knnee,
Who blessing me with trembling hand, these words gan say to me:
My sonne, God guide thy way, and shild thee from mischaunce,
And make thy iust desartes in Court, thy poore estate to aduance:
Yet when thou art become one of the Courtly trayne,
Thinke on this prouerbe old (go he) that faire words make soles faine,
This counsell grauely giuen, most straunge appeares to me,
Till tract of time with open eyes, had made me plainly see:
What subtil sleighes are wrought by painted tales deuise,
When hollow harts with frendly thewes the simple do entise.

To thinke all gold that shines to feede their fond desire,
Whose sheuering cold is warme with smoke, in stead of flaming fire:
Sith talke of tickle trust, dooth breede a hope most payne,
This prouerbe true by prose I find, that faire words make fooles faine,

Faire speech alway doth wel, where deedes insue faire words,
Faire speech agayn alway dooth euill, that bithes giues for birdes.
Who hopes to haue faire words, to trye his lucky lot.
If I may counsell, let him strike it whyle the iron is hot.
But them that feede on cloddes, in stead of pleasant grapes,
And after warning often giuen, for better lucke still gapes
Ful loth I am, yet must I tel them in words playne,
This prouerbe old proues true in them, that faire words makes fooles
(fayne.

Who worth the time that words, so slowly turne to deedes,
Who worth the time y faire swete flouers, are growen to rotten weedes
But these wo worth the time, that truth away is fled,
Wherein I see how simple harts, with words are baynely fed.
Trust not faire words therfore, Where no deedes do ensue,
Trust words, as skilful falkeners do trust Haukes that neuer flewe,
Trust deedes, let words be words, which neuer wrought me gaine,
Let my experience make you wise, and let words make soles faine.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

8. In his extreame sicknesse.

What greenes my bones, and makes my body faint? sickness.
What prickes my flesh and teares my head in twayne?
Why doe I wake, when rest should me attaint?
When others laugh, why do I lue in payne?
I tolle, I turne, I chaunge from side to side,
And stretch me oft, in sorowes linkes betyde.

I tolle, as one betost in waues of care,
I turne, to flee the woes of lothsome life:
I change, to spy if death this corpes might spare,
I stretch, to heauen to ridde me of this strife:
Thus doe I stretch, and change, and tolle, and turne,
Whyle I in hope of heauen my life do burne.

The Paradise

Then hold the still, let be thy heavinesse,
Abolish care, forgeat thy pining woe:
For by this meanes soone shalt thou find redresse,
When oft betost, hence thou to heauen must goe.
ThenASSE, and turne, and tumble franke and free,
O happy thyse, when thou in heauen shalt be.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

9. For Christmas day.

Reioyce reioyce with heart and voyce,
In Christes birth this day reioyce.

From Virgins wombe this day did spring,
The precious seede that only saued man:
This day let man reioyce and sweetely sing,
Since on this day saluacion first began.
This day did Christ man soule from death remoue,
With glorious saintes to dwell in heauen aboue.

This day to man, came pledge of perfect peace,
This day to man, came loue and vnitie:
This day mans griefe began for to surcease,
This day did man receiue a remedie.
For each offence and euery deadly sinne,
With guiltie hart that erst he wandred in.

In Christes flocke, let loue be surely plasht,
From Christes flocke, let concord hate expell:
Of Christes flocke let loue be so embrace,
As we in Christ, and Christ in vs may dwell.
Christ is the authour of all vnitie,
From whence proceedeth all felicitie.

O sing vnto this glittering glorious king,
O prayse his name let euery living thing:
Let hart and voyce like Belles of siluer ring,
The comfort that this day did bring.
Let Lute, let Shalme, with sound of sweete delight,
The top of Christes birth this day delight.

FINIS. F. Kindlemarsh.

IO. For

10. For Easter day.

eastern
daie

All mortal men this day reioice, in Christe that you redeemed hath,
By death to death sing we to voice, to him þ hath appeald gods wrath
Due vnto man for sinful path, wherein before he went astray,
Giue thankes to him with perfect faith that for man kinde hath made
(this glorious day.
This day he rose fro tombe again, wherein his precious corse was laid,
Whom cruelly þ Jewes had slaine, with bloody wounds ful il araid:
O man be now no more dismayd, if thou henceforth from sin do stay,
Of death thou needest not be afraide, Christe conquered death for thys
(his glorious day.
His death preuailed had not whitt, As Paule þ apostle wel doth wryte:
Except he had byrisen yet, from death to life by Godlike might:
With most triumphant glittering light,
This day his glorie shined I say, and made vs bryghte as sunne thys
(glorious day
O man arise with Christ therfore, since he from sin hath made thee free,
Beware thou fall in sinne no more, but rise as Christ did rise for thee:
So maist thou him in glory see, when he at day of doome shall say,
Come thou my child and dwell with me, God graunt vs all to see that
FINIS. qoth Iasper Haywood. (glorious day.

11. For Whit Sunday.

Come holy ghost eternall God, and ease the wofull greefe,
That through the heapes of heauy sin, can nowhere find releefe.
Doo thou O God redresse
The great distresse
Of sinful heauinesse.
Come comfort the afflicted thoughtes of my constrained hart,
Dryd the pearcing pricking paynes of my tormenting smart:
O holy ghost graunt me
That I by thee
From sinne may purged be.

whitson
daie

The Paradise

Thou art my God, to thee alone I will commend my cause,
Nor glittering gold nor precious stone, shall make me leaue thy lawes:
O teach me then the way
Whereby I may
Make thee my onely stay.

By lippes, my tongue, my hart and al, shall spread thy mighty name,
By voyce shall neuer cease to sound, the prayles of the same:
Vea euery liuing thing
Shall sweetely sing
To thee (O heauenly king.)

FINIS. F. K.

loue faused 12. No pleasure without some payne.

Sweete were the ioyes that both might like and last,
Strange were the state exempt from all distresse:
Happye the life that no mishap should tost,
Blessed the chaunce might neuer change successe.
Were such a life to lead, or state to proue,
Who would not wish that such a life were loue.

But O the soupy sauce of sweete vnshure,
When pleasures flye and flit with wast of wind:
The trustlesse traynes that hoping harts allure,
When sweete delightes do but allure the mind,
When care consumes and wastes the wretched wight,
Whyle fancie feedes and drawes of her delight.

What life were loue, if loue were free from paine?
But O that paine with pleasure match should meete:
Why did the course of nature so ordayne,
That sugred sorowe must saule the bitter sweete.
Which sorowe from sweete might any meanes remoue,
What hap, what heauen, what life, were like to loue.

FINIS. W. R.

13. Who mindes to bring his Shippe to happy shore
Must care to know the lawes of wisdomes lore.

wisdom

My freend, if thou wilt credite me in ought,
To whom the truth by tryall well appeares :
Nought worth is wit til it be dearely bought,
There is no wisdom but in hoary heares.
Yet if I may of wisdom oft define,
As well as others haue of happinesse :
Then to my words my freend thy eare encline,
The thinges that make thee wise are these I gesse.

rules of a
wary life.

Feare God, and know thy selfe in each degree,
Be freend to all, familiar but to fewe :
To light of credite see thou neuer be,
For tryall ought in trust dooth treason shewe,
To others faulces cast not too much thy eye,
Accuse no man of guilt, amend thy owne :
Of medling much doth mischiefte ought arise,
And oft debate by tickle tongue is solue.

What thing thou wilt haue hyd, to none declare,
In word or dede beware of bad I will :
So spend thy good that some thou euer spare,
For freendes like Haukes doo soare from emptie fist,
Cut out thy coate according to thy cloth,
Suspected persons see thou alwayes flee,
Beleeue not him that once hath broke his troch,
For yet of gift with out desert be free.

Time quickly slips beware how thou it spend,
Of wanton youth repents a paynful age :
Begin nothing without an eye to thend,
For how thine eare from counsell of the sage.
If thou too farre let out thy fancy slip,
And wicless will from reasons rule outstart :
Thy folly shall at length be made thy whip,
And soze the stripes of shame shall cause the smart.

The Paradise

To doo too much for old men is but lost,
 Of freendship had to women comes like gayne:
 Bestow not thou on children too much cost,
 For what thou doest for these is all in vaine.
 The olde man, or he can requite, he dyes,
 Unconstant is the womans wauering mind:
 Ful soone the boy thy freendship will despise,
 And him for loue thou shalt vngreatfull finde.

The aged man is like the barraine ground,
 The woman like the Reede that wagges with wind:
 There may no trust in tender yvettes be found,
 And of the thre, the boy is most unkind.
 If thou haue found a faithfull freend in deede,
 Beware thou lose not loue of such a one:
 He shall sometime stand thee in better neede,
 Then treasure great of gold or precious stone.

F I N I S. Jasper Heywood.

fortune

14. Of the vnconstant stay of Fortunes giftes. vii. 34

F Fortune be thy stay, thy state is very tickle,
 She beares a double face, disguised, false, and sickle:
 This day she seemes to smile, to morrow will she frowne,
 What now shee sets aloft, anon she throweth downe:
 Fly Fortunes slye deceptes, let Vertue be thy guide,
 If that you doo intend in happy state to abide.

Upon the settled rocke thy building surest standes,
 Away it quickly weares, that resteth on the sandes:
 Dame Vertue is the rocke, that pæsses assured stay,
 Dame Fortune is the sand, that shaketh soone away:
 Choole that is certaine, leaue things vncertaine passe,
 Preferre the precious gold, before the brittle glasse.

Sly Fortune hath her flightes, she plaies vpon the packe,
 Looke whom she fauours most, at length she turnes to wacke:

But

But Vertue simply deales, she shuns deceitful trayne,
Who is by Vertue rayled vp, shall neuer sal agayne:
Sticke fast to Vertue then, that giues assured trust,
And flye from Fortunes frekes, that euer proue vniust.

FINIS. F. K.

15. Promise is debt.

In my accompt the promise that is bowed,
Among the good is holden such a debt:
As he is thought no whit to be allowed,
That letteth light his promise to forget.
And for my part I will not linke in loue,
With fickle folke whose fancies ought remoue.

My happy gaine I do esteeme for such,
As fewe haue found in these our doubtful dayes:
To find a freend I thinke it be as much,
As to win a fort ful fraught of noble prayle.
Of all the goods that there may be possesse,
A faithfull freend I iudge to be the best.

A freendly league although to late begun,
Yet time shall trye our troth as well imployed:
And that we both shall see that we haue won,
Such fastned faich as can not be destroyed.
By enuious rage or slaunders bitter blowe,
That alwayes seekes the good to ouerthrowe.

FINIS. R. Hill.

16. No words, but deedes.

The wrong is great, the payne aboute my power,
That yeeldes such care in doubtfull dens to browne:
Such hap is hard wher Fortune both so lower,
As freendly looke is turnd to froward frowne.

C.4

Is

The Paradise

Is this the trust that faithfull freendes can finde?
With those that yet haue promise broke?
By deedes in doubt, as though no wordes can binde,
A vowed freend to hold him to his poyke,

O faithlesse freend, what can assure your mind,
That doubteth so soone before you haue cause why?
To what hard hap doth Fortune here me bind,
When wordes nor deedes can no where satisfie.
What can I write: that hath not oft bene saide,
What haue I sayd: that hath not binde affirmed:
What not approued: that ought to be assayed,
O: what is vowed: that shall not be perfourmed.

Cast of mistrust, in hast no credite giue,
To this or that, that breedeth freendes vnrest:
No doubt at all, but trust me if I liue,
My deedes shall proue, that all is for the best.
And this beleene, the Sea shall cease to flowe,
The Sunne to shine within the settled skye:
All thinges on earth shall leaue to spring and growe,
Pea every Foule shall want his winges to flye,

Care I in thought shall seeme once to retire,
If you my freend remaine as I desyre:
Howe lose no time, but vse that while you may,
Forget not this, a dogge shall haue a day.

FINIS. R. D.

17. He desyreth exchange of life.

The day delayed, of that I most doe wishe,
Wherewith I feede and starue in one degree:
With wish and want still serued in one dishe,
Alive as dead, by prooffe as you may see.
To whom of old this prouerbe wel it serues,
While grasse dooth grow, the selly horse he serues.

Twene

Twene these extreames thus doo I come the race,
Of my poore life, this certaynly I know:
Twene would and want vnwarely that do passe,
More swift then shot out of Archers bow,
As Spider drawes her line all day,
I watch the net, and others haue the pray.

And as by prooue the greedy dogge both gnaw,
The bared bone all onely for the taste:
So to and fro this lothsome life I draw,
With fancies forst and fed with daine repast.
Narsissus brought vnto the water brinke,
So aye thirst I, the more that I do drinke.

Loe thus I dye, and yet I seeme not sicke,
With smart vnseene my selfe, my selfe I weare:
With prone desire and power that is not quicke,
With hope aloft now drenched in dispayre.
Trained in trust for no reward assignd,
The more I hast, the more I come behind.

With hurt to heale, in frozen yse to frie,
With losse to laugh, this is a wonderous case:
Fast fettered here, is forst away to flie,
As hunted Hare, that Hound hath in the chase.
With winges and spurres, for all the hast I make,
As like to lose, as for to draw the stake.

The dayes be long that hang vpon desert,
The life is irke of ioyes that be delayed:
The time is short for to requite the smart,
That dooth proceede of promise long vnpayed.
That to the last of this my fainting breach,
I wish exchange of life for happy death.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

The Paradise

repentant
sinner.

18. Of the instabilitie of youth. *bid 75*

WHEN I looke backe and in my selfe behold,
The wandring wayes that youth could not descry:
And markt the fearful course that youth did hold,
And mette in mind, each steppe youth strayed a wy,
My knees I bowe, and from my hart I call,
O Lord, forget these faultes and folies all.

For now I see, how boyde youth is of skill,
I see also his prime time and his end:
I doo confesse my faultes and all my ill,
And sorow sore, for that I did offend,
And with a mind repentant of all crimes,
Pardon I aske for youth, ten thousand times.

The humble hart, hath daunted the proud mind,
Eke wylsdom hath giuen ignorance a fall:
And wit hath taught, that folly could not find,
And age hath youth, her subiect and her thrall.
Therefore I pray, O Lord of life and truth,
Pardon the faultes committed in my youth.

Thou that diddest graunt the wise-king his request,
Thou that in the Whale, thy prophet didst preserue:
Thou that forgauest the wounding of thy brest,
Thou that didst saue the theefe in state to sterue,
Thou onely God, the giuer of all grace,
Wipe out of mind, the path of youthe's vaine race.

Thou that by power, to life didst raise the dead,
Thou that restorest the blind to sight:
Thou that for loue, thy life and loue out bled,
Thou that of fauour, madest the lame goe right,
Thou that canst heale, and helpe in all assayes,
Forgiue the gulch, that grew in youthe's vaine wayes.

And

And now since I, with faith and doubtlesse mind,
Doo flye to thee by praye to appeale thy pre:
And since that thee I onely seeke to finde,
And hope by faith to attayne my iust desire,
Lord mind no more yowthes error and buskill,
And able age, to doo thy holy will.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

19. Most happy is that state alone,
Where words and deedes agree in one.

By paynted words, the silly simple man,
To trustlesse trap, is trayned now and than: } *faire words*
And by conseyt, of sweete alluring tale,
He bites the baits, that breeds his bitter bale.
To beauties blaze, cast not thy rousing eye:
In plealant greene, doo stringing serpents lye. } *faire shew*
The golden Bill, hath but a bitter taste,
In glittering glasse, a popson ranckest plaste.
So plealant wordes, without performing deedes:
May well be deemed to spring of Darnel seedes.
The freendly deede is it, that quickly tryes: } *true frendshy*
Where trusty faith, and freendly meaning lyes.
That state therefore most happy seemes to be:
Where wordes and deedes, most faithfully agree.

My freend yf thou wilt keepe thy honest name:
Fly from the blot, of barking slaunders blame. } *no slander nor*
Let not in word thy promise be more large: } *rash promise*
Then thou in deede, art willing to discharge.
Abhorred is that false dissembling broode:
That seemes to beare two faces in one hoode,
to say a thing, and not to meane the same:
Will turne at length to losse of thy good name.
Wherefore my freend, let double dealing goe:
In stead whereof, let perfect playnnesse flowe.

The Paradise

Doo thou no more, in idle wordes excede:
Then thou intendes to doe, in very deede, } *word & deede*
So good report, shall spread thy worthy prayse:
For being iust in word and deede alwayes.

You worldly wightes that worldly doers are:
Before you let your word slip out to farre,
Consider well, what inconuenience springes:
By breache of promise made, in lawfull thinges.
First, God mislikes where such deceit doth swarme:
Next, it renoundeth vnto thy neighboures harme.
And last of all, which is not least of all:
For such offence, thy conscience suffer shall.
As barren groundes, bringes forth but rotten weedes:
From barren words, so fruitlesse chaffe proceedes.
As sauerie flowres, doo spring in fertil ground:
So trusty freendes, by tryall soone are found.
To shunne therefore the worst, that may ensue:
Let deedes alway, approue thy sayings true.

FINIS. F. K.

20. Who wyll aspire to dignitie.
By learning must aduanced be.

THE poore that liue in needy rate, by learning doo great riches gayne:
The rich that liue in welthy state, by learning do their welch maintayne.
Thus rich and poore, are furthered still,
By sacred rules of learned skill.

All fond conceites of franticke youth, the golden gift of learning stapes:
Of doubtfull things to search the truth, learning sets soorth the redde wayes.
O happy him doo I repute,
Whose hest is fraught with learning fruite.

There growes no corne within the fildes, that Oxe and plough did neuer till,
Right so the mind no fruite can yeeld, that is not lead by learnings skill.
Of ignorance comes rotten weedes,
Of learning springes right noble deedes.

Like

Like as the Captayne hath respect, to trayne his souldiers in aray:
 Learning doth mans mind direct, by Vertues staffe his life to stay.
 Though Freendes and Fortune wareth skant,
Yet learned men shall neuer want.

Thou Impes therfore in youthe be sure, to fraught your mindes wth learned thinges,
 Learning is the fountayne pure, out from the which all glory springes,
 Who so therefore will glory win,
 With learning first must needes begin.

FINIS. F. K.

21. Mans flittying life findes surest stay,
 Where sacred Vertue beareth sway.

vertue

The sturdy Roche for all his strength, by raging Seas is rent in twayne:
 The Marble Stone is pearst at length, with little droppes of mistling rayne.
 The Ore dooth yeeld unto the poke,
 The Steele obeyeth the hammer stroke. } *ech thinge yeldeth to time*

The stately Stagge that seemes so stout, by palping hounds at bay is set:
 The swiftest bird that flees aboue, is caught at length in Fowlers net.
 The greatest Fish in deepest Brooke,
 As soone deceiued with subtil hooke, } *ech thing yeldeth to power*

Man him selfe, vnto whose will, all thinges are bounden to obey:
 In all his witte and worth, dooth fade at length and fall away.
 There is nothing, but time doth wast,
 The Heauens, the Earth, consume at last. } *time consumeth*

Vertue sittes triumphing still, vpon the Trone of glorious Fame:
 Though spittfull death mans body kill, yet hurtes he not his vertuous name.
 By life or death, what so betides,
 The state of Vertue, neuer slides. } *vertue endureth*

FINIS. M. T.

C. lill.

22. Nothing

The Paradise

friendship. 22. Nothing is comparable vnto a faithfull friend.

Sith this our time of Freendship is so skant,
Sith Freendship now in euery place doth want.
Sith euery man of Freendship is so hallowe,
As no man rightly knowes which way to followe.
Seale not my Muse, seale not in these our dayes,
To ring loude peales, of sacred Freendships prayse.

If men be now, their owne peculier freendes,
And to their neighbourz freendship none pertendes.
If men of Freendship shewe them selues so bare,
And of their brethren take no Freendly care.
Forbeare not then my Muse, nor feare not then,
To ring disprayse of these unfreendly men.

Did man of Freendship know the mighty power,
How great effectes it worketh euery houre.
What store of hidden freendship it retaynes,
How still it powreth forth aboundant gaires.
Hau would with thee my Muse in these our dayes,
Ring out loude peales, of sacred Freendships prayse.

Freendship releueth mans necessitie,
Freendship, comforteth mans aduersitie,
Freendship augmenteth mans prosperitie,
Freendship preferres man to felicitie.
Then ring my muse, ring out in these our dayes,
Ring out loude peales, of sacred freendships prayse.

Of Freendship, growes love and charitie,
By Freendship, men are linked in amitie.
From Freendship springeth all commoditie,
The fruite of Freendship, is fidelitie.
Oh ring my muse, ring out in these our dayes,
Peale vpon peale, of sacred Freendships prayse.

That

The longer life that we desire, the more offence doth daily grow: } the longer life
 The greater payne it doth require, Except the Iudge some mercy shew. } more
 Wherefore I thinke and euer shall, } optimum est non uasci, pro
 The happy end exceedeth all. } uero cito mori

That man with man, true freendship may embrace,
 That man to man, may shew a freendly face:
 That euery man, may sow such freendly seedes,
 That freendship may be found in freendly deedes.
 And ioyne with thee my Muse in these our dayes,
 To sing loud peales of sacred Freendships prayse.

FINIS. F. K.

23. Remember thy ende.

To be as wise as CATO was, or rich as CRESSUS in his life:
 To haue the strength of Hercules, which did subdue by force or strife.
 What helpeth it when Death doth call, } no strength against
 The happy ende exceedeth all. } death

The Rich may well the Poore releue, the Rulers may redresse each wrong:
 The learned may good counsell giue, but marke the end of this my song:
 Who doth these thinges, happy they call,
 Their happy end exceedeth all.

The happiest end, in these our dayes, that all do seeke, both small and great:
 Is eyther for Fame, or els for prayse, or who may sitte in highest seate.
 But of these thinges, hap what hap shall,
 The happy end exceedeth all.

A good beginning ought we see, but seeldome standing at one stay:
 For few do like the meane degree, then prayse at parting some men say.
 The thinges wherto each wight is thrall,
 The happy end exceedeth all.

The meane estate, that happy life, which liueth vnder gouernance:
 Who seekes no hate, nor breeds no strife, but takes in worth his happy chance.
 If contentation him befall, } contentation
 His happy end exceedeth all.

The longer life that we desire, the more offence doth daily grow:
 The greater payne it doth require, Except the Iudge some mercy shew.
 Wherefore I thinke and euer shall, } optimum est non uasci, pro
 The happy end exceedeth all. } uero cito mori

FINIS. D. S.

Di.

24. H

The Paradise

24. He perswadeth his freend,
from the fond Affectes of loue.

- W** art thou bound & maist go free, shal reason yeld to raging will?
Is thralldom like to libertie? wilt thou exchange thy good for ill?
Then shalt thou learne a childeish play, and of each part to tast and proue:
The lookers on shall iudge and say, loe this is he that liues by loue.
- Thy wittes with thoughts, shall stand at stay, thy head shall haue but heavy rest,
Thy eyes shal watch for wanton prayes, thy tongue shall shew thy harts request,
Thy eares shall heare a thousand noyse, thy hand shall put thy pen to payne:
And in the ende, thou shalt dispraise, thy life so spent, for such small gaine.
- If loue and list might euer cope, or youth might runne in reasons race:
Or if strong lute might win sure hope, I would lesse blame a louers case,
For loue is hotte, with great desire, and sweete delight makes youth so fond,
That little sparkes will proue great fyre, and bring free harts to endlesse bond.
- First count the care and then the cost, and marke what fraude in faith is found:
Then after come and make thy boist, and shew some cause why thou art bound,
For when the wine doth runne full low, you shall be faine to drinke the lies:
And eate the flesh ful well I know, that hath ben blowne with many flies.
- We see where great deuotion is, the people kneele and kisse the crosse:
And though we find small fault of this, Yet some will gilld a byzolesrosse.
A foole his bable will not change, not for the septer of a king,
A louers life is nothing strange, for youth delightes none other thing.
- FINIS. Tho. Churchyard.

25. Wanting his desyre he complayneth.

The sayling ships with ioy at length, doo touch their long desired port,
The hewing are the Oke doth wast, the battering Canon breakes the fort,
Hard hagar hankes stoope to the lure, wild coltes in time the byzles tames:
There is nothing so out of byre, but to his kind long time it frames,
Yet this I find in time, no time can winne my lute,
Though oft the tree I clumbe, I can not catch the fruite.

And yet the pleasant branches oft, in yeelding wise to me do bow,
When I would touch they spring aloft, soone are they gone I wot not
Thus I present the fleeting flood, like Tantalus in hel below, (how
Would God my case thee vnderstoode, which can full soone releue my
Which if to her were knowen, the fruite were surely mine, (woe
She would not let me grone, and brouse vpon the rine.

But if my ship with tackle torne, with rented sailles must needs retire,
And streame and wind hath plainly sworn, by force to hinder my desire
Like one y^e stricks vpon y^e rocks, my wearie wracke I shoulde bewaile
And learn to knowe false fortunes mockes, who smiles on me to small
Yet such she onely can, my rented ship restore, (auaile,
To helpe her wracked man, but once I seeke no more.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

26. Trye before you truste.

word frendsh

Freendes are found a heape of doubts, that double dealing vse,
A swarme of such I could find out, whose craft I can accuse:
A face for loue, a hart for hate, these faigned freendes can beare,
A tongue for troth, a head for wyles, to hurt each simple eare,
In humble port, is payson pact, that plainenesse can not spie,
Which creadites all, and can not see, where stinging serpents lye,
Through hastie trust, the harmelesse heart, is easely hampred in,
And made beleene it is good gold, when it is lead and tin.
The first deceit that bleares myne eyes, is faigned faith profess,
The second trappe is grating taske, that gripes each strangers brest,
The third decette is greeting wordes, with colours painted out,
Which bids suspect to feare no smart, nor dread no dangerous doubt,
The fourth, and last is long repaire, which creepes in freendships lap,
And dayly hauntes, that vnder trust, deuileth many a trap.
Loe how false freendes can frame a fetch, to win the will with wils,
To sauce their flightes with sugred sops, and shadow harme in smiles,
To serue their lustes, are sundry sorts, by practise diuers kindes,
Some carries homie in their mouthes, and benime in their mindes,
Wee thinke the stones within the streetes, should cry out in this case,
And euery one that hath them meete, should shunne their double face.

FINIS. D. S.

D. II.

27. A lady

The Paradise

27. A Lady forsaken complayneth.

If pleasures be in paynfulnes? in pleasures dooth my body rest,
If ioyes accord with carefulnes? a ioyful hart is in my brest:
If prison strong is libertie? in libertie long haue I bene,
If ioyes accord with miserye? who can compare a life to mine.
Who can binbind þ is soze bound? who can make free þ is soze thrall,
Or how can any meanes be found to comfort such a wretch withall.
None can, but he þ hath my hart, conuert my paynes to comfort then.
Yet since his seruant I became, most like a bondman haue I bene:
Since first in bondage I became, my words & deedes were euer such,
That neuer once he could me blame, except from louing him too much.
Which I can iudge no iust offence, nor cause that I deserue disbaime,
Except he mean through false pretence, through forged loue to make a
Nay, nay, alas, my fained thoughts, my fained & my fained ruth (train.
My pleasures past my present plaints, how wel I mean but to much
But since I can not him attain, against my wil I let him goe. (truth
And lest he glozy at my paine, I will attempt to cloke my woe.
Youth, learn by me, but do not proue, for I haue proued to my paine,
What greuous grieues do grow by loue, & what it is to loue in vaine.

FINIS. M. D.

28. Finding worldly ioyes but vanities, he wisheth death.

Dolorne in filchy froward fate, wherein a thousand cares I find,
By whom I do lament my state, annoys with sond afflicted mind
A wretch in woe, and dare not cry,
I liue, and yet I wish to dye.
The day in dole, that semeth long, I pas with sighes & heauy cheere.
And with these eyes I betwe the wrong, that I sustain by liuing here:
Where my mishaps as rise doo dwell,
As plagues within the pit of hell.
A wailing wight I walke alone, in desart denmes there to complaine,
Among the sauage sort to mone, I see my freends wher they remain:
And pleasure take to shun the sight,
Where erst I felt my great delight.

A captiue

quod cruce dicitur
per amare meum.

erat lobe.

A captaine clapt in chaynes of care, lapt in the lawes of lethall loue,
My flesh and bones consumed bare, to crawling greefes full strange to
Though hap doth bid me hope at least, (proue:

Whyles grasse doth grow, yet starues the beast.

A seeged soyt with forrain force, for want of ayde, must yeeld at last,
So must my wried pined corse, submit it selfe to bitter tast:

Of crawling care, that carkes my brest,

Till hope or death, shall breede my rest.

FINIS. F. M.

29. A replie to M. Edwards M A T.

547. f. 2. b.

Read a maping rime of late delighted much my eare,
It may delight as many moe, as it shall reade or heare.
To see how there is shewed, how Day is much of price,
And eake to Day when that you may, euen so is his aduice.
It seemes he meant to may himselfe, and so to vse his skill,
For that the time did serue so well, in Day to haue his will.
His onely Day was ease of mind, so farre as I can gesse,
And that his may his mind did please, a man can iudge no lesse.

And as himselfe did reape the fruites, of that his pleasant Day,
He wils his freende the same to vse, in time when as he may.
He is not for him selfe it seemes, but wishech well to all,
For y he would they should, take Day in time when it doth fall.
So vse your Day, you may, it can not hurtful be,
And Day well vled in time and place, may make you mery gle:
Modest maping mettest is, of this you may be suer,
A modest maping quietnes, to Dayers doth procure.

Who may and will not take, may wish he had so done,
Who may and it doth take, may thinke he tooke too sone.
So ioyne your Day with wisdomes loze, and then you may be suer,
Who makes his Day in other soyt, his vnrest may procure.
Some Day before Day come, some Day when Day is past,
Some make their Day to late, and some doe Day posthast.
Let wisdom rule I say your Day, and thus I make anende,
And Day, that when you list to Day, a good may God you sende.

FINIS. M. S.

D.iii

30. Hauing

The Paradise

the yert of her 30. Having married a worthy Lady,
ford. and taken away by death, he com-
playnetb his mishap.

In youth when I at large did lead, my life in lusty liberite,
When heuy thoughts no one did spread, to let my pleasant fantasie
No fortune seemd, so hard could fall,
This freedom then, that might make thrall.

And twentie yeeres I skarle had spent, whē to make ful my happy fate
Both treasures great were on me cast, with lands & titles of estate:
So as moze blest then I, stood than,
Eke as me thought was neuer man.

For of Dame Fortune who is he, could moze desire by iust request,
Then health, with wealth, and liberty, al which at once I this posselt:
But masking in this ioly toy,
A soden syght, proude al a toy.

For passing on these mery dapes, w new deuice of pleasures great,
And now and then to view p rayes of beauties works w cunning feat:
In heauenly hewes, all which as one,
I oft behelde, but bound to none.

And one day rowling thus my eyes, vpon these blessed wights at ease,
Amongst p rest one did I se, who straight my wāyng lokes did seale:
And stayed them firme, but such a sight,
Of beauty yet saw neuer wight.

What shal I seke to praise it more, wher tonges cannot wel praise p se
But to be short to louers loze, I straight my sences all did frame:
And were it wit, oz were it chaunce,
I woonne the Garland in this daunce.

And thus wher I before had thought, no hap my fortune might encrese
A double blis this chāce forth brought, so did my ladies loue me please
Her faith so firme, and constant such,
As neuer hart, can praise too much,
But now with torments strange I cast, p sickle stay of fortunes whele,
And where shee raised from high to cast, with greater force of grese to
For from this hap of soden frowne, (seele:
Of Princes face she threw me downe,

And

And thus exchange now hath it made, by liberty a thing most deare,
In hateful prison for to fade, where sundred from my louing feare,

By wealth and health, stands at like stay,
Obscurely to consume away.

And last when humain force was none, could part our loue wherin we
By ladies life alas is gon, most cruel death hath it bereued: (liued,

Whose vertues, her, to God, hath wonne,
And left me here, a man vndone.

FINIS. F. G.

31. A worthy ditie, song before the Quene
Maiestie at Bristowe.

Mistrust not troth, that truly meanes, for euery ielous freke,
In stead of wrong, condene not right, no hidden wrath to wreke,
Looke on the light of faulcless life, how bright her vertues shine,
And measure out her steppes each one, by leuel and by line.

Deeme eche desert by vpright gesse, wherby your prayse shall line,
If malice would be match with might, let hate no iudgement giue:
Enforce no feare wih wresting wittes, in quiet conscience brest.
Lend not your eares to busie tongues, which breedeth much vnest.

In doubtfull drifts wade not to farre, it tweries but the mind,
Seeke not to searce the secreat harts, whose thoughts are hard to finde
Auoide from you thole hateful heads, that helpes to heape mishap,
Be slow to heare the flatterers voice, that creepeth in your lap.

Embrace their loue that wills you good, and sport not at their prayse,
Trust not too much vnto your selfe, for feeble are your stapes:
How can your seate be settled faste, or stand on stedfast ground,
So propped by wih hollow harts, whose lurerie is vnsound.

Giue faith to thole that feare for loue, and not that loue for feare,
Regard not them that force compels, to please you euery where:
All this well waie and bozne away, shall stab'ish long your state,
Continually wih perfect peace, in spite of passing hate.

FINIS. D. S.

D. iiii. 32. 49

The Paradise

32. An Epitaph vpon the death of Syr Edward Saunders,
Knight, Lord cheefe Baron of the Exchequer.

Y^e Muses weare your mourning weeds, strike on y^e fatal Diome
Sound Triton out the trumpe of fame, in suite of *Parus* dome.
Distill Parnassus pleasant drops, possesse *Pierides* plase,
Apollo helpe with dolesull tune, to wayle this wofull case.
Wring hard you hands, waile on you losse, lament the fate that fell,
With sobs and sighes to Saunders say, oh Saunders now farewell.
Whom *Phabus* fed with *Pallas* pappe, as one of *Sibils* seede,
Loe here where death did rest his corpes, the vermine soule to feede.
Whom *Impes* of *Ioue* with *Nestor* sweete, long in *Libethres* nourish,
Behold how dreadful death him brought, to y^e whence he came first.
Lycorgus he for learned lawes, *Rhadamanthus* race that ranne,
A nocher *Nestor* for aduise, *Zalmoxis* fame that wanne.
A *Damon* deare vnto his freend, in faith like *Phocion* found,
A *Cato* that could counsel giue, to prince a subiect sound.
Not *Athens* for theire *Solon* sage, not *Rome* for *Numa* waile,
As we for Saunders death haue cause, in fods of teares to saile.
Not *Sparta* card for *Chilos* death, ne proud *Prienna* prest,
To weepe for him as we wayle, for Saunders late possesst.
His learned pathes his talentes rare, so now by death appeares,
As he that *Salomon* sought to serue, in prime and youthfull yeeres,
His counsel sad, his rules, his lawes, in country soyle so wrought,
As though in *Cuma* he had benn, of sage *Sibilla* taught.
His vertuous life was such I say, as *Uertue* did embrace,
By *Uertue* taught in *Uertues* schoole, to grow in vertues race.
Might tender babes, might orphans weak, might widows rere y^e cry,
The sound thereof shoulde pearce the cloudes, to skale y^e empire sky.
To bid the gods to battel bend, and to dissend in sight,
Though farre vnfit, and mates vnnete, with mortal men to fight.
Too late (alas) we wish his life, to soone deceiued vs Death.
Too little wit we haue to seeke, the dead agayne to breath.
What helpleste is, must carelesse be, as *Natures* course doth she we,
For death shal reape what life hath sown, by nature this we know.

Where

Where is that ferce Achilles fled, where is king Turnus shroude,
 What is he come of Priamus state, where is Periar:der proude:
 Hector, Hannu, Hanibal, dead, Pompei, Pirrhus spild,
 Scipio, Cirus, Cesar slaine, and Alexander kild.
 So long there Fortune fast did floe, and charged Fame to sound,
 Tyll frowning Fortune soyld by fate, which fawning fortune sonnd:
 Shun Fortunes feates, shake fortune of to none is fortune sound,
 Sith none may say of Fortune so, I Fortune faithful found.
 Beholde where Fortune flowed so fast, and saoured Saunders lure,
 Till sickle Fortune false again did Saunders death procure,
 Lo clothed coold in cloddies of clay, in drossy dust remaine,
 By fate returnd from whence he came, to his mothers wombe againe.
 Who welnigh thirtie peeres was Iudge, before a Iudge dyd fall,
 And iudged by that mighty Iudge, which Iudge shall iudge vs all.
 The heauens may of right reioyce, and earth may it bewaile,
 Sith heauen wan, and earth hath lost, the guide and arke of baile.
 There gaine is much, our losse is great, there mirth our mone is such,
 That they may laugh as cause doo yeeld, and we may weepe as much:
 O happy he, vnhappy we, his hap both eye encrease,
 Happy he, and haplesse we, his hap shall neuer cease.
 We liue to dye, he dyed to liue, we want, and he possesse,
 We hide in bands, he bathes in blisse, the Gods aboue him blest.
 Being boyne to liue, he liued to dye, and dyed to God so plaine,
 That birch, that life, that death, doo shew, that he shall liue againe:
 His youth to age, his age to death, his death to fame applied,
 His fame to time, his time to God, thus Saunders liued and dyed.
 O happy life, O happier death, O tenne times happy he,
 Whose hap it was, such hap to haue, a Iudge this age to be.
 Oh ioyfull time, oh blessed soyle, where Pallas rules with witte,
 O noble state, O sacred seate, where Saba sage dooth sitte.
 Like Susan sound, like Sara sad, with Hesters mace in hand,
 With Iadirs sword Bellona like, to rule this noble land.
 I had my will, you haue your wish, I laugh, reioyce you may,
 I wan now much, you gaine no lesse, to see this happy day.
 Wherein I dyed, wherein you liue, Oh treble happy cost,
 Wherein I toyed in glozy great, wherein you triumph most.

Kneels

The Paradise

Kneele on your knees, knock hard your breasts, sound forth þe ioyful tronie
Clay loude your handes, sound Eccho say, the golden world is come,
Reioyce you Iudges may of right, your mirth may now be such,
As neuer earst you Iudges had, in England mirth so much.
Here Cuma is, here Sibill raignes, on Delphos seat to sitte,
Here shee like Phœbus rules, that can Gordius knot vnknitte,
I liued to nature long ynough, I liued to honoz much,
I liued at wish, I died at will, to see my country such.
As neither needes it Numas lawes, nor yet Apollos sweard,
For Danger Dars, yet Dars shalbe of this our Queene afeard.
O peerlesse pearle, O Diamond deer, O Queene of Queenes farwell,
Your royall maiestie God preserue in England long to dwell,
Farwell the Phœnix of the world, farwel my soueraigne Queene,
Farwel most noble vertuous prince, Minervas mate I weene,
No Iuel, Gemme, no Gold to giue, no pearles from Pactolus lo,
No Persian Gaze, no Indian stones, no Tagus sands to show,
But faith and will to native soyle a liue and dead I find,
By hart my mind, my loue I leaue vnto my prince behind.
Farwel you nobles of this land, farwel you Iudges graue,
Farwel my felowes, frends and mates, your Queene I say God saue,
What rise in time, in time doth, fal, what floweth in time doth ebbe,
What liues in time, in time shall dye, and yeelde to Partas webbe,
The sunne to darknes shalbe turnd, the starres from skies shall fall,
The Moone to blood, the world with fire shalbe consumed all.
As smoke or vapour vanish streight, as bubbles rise and fall,
As clowdes do passe or shadow shiftes we liue, we dye so all,
Out pompe our pride, our triump moeste, our gloxy great herein,
Like shattering shadow passe away, as though none such had bin,
Earth, water, ayre, and fire, as they were earst before,
A lump confused, and Chaos calld, so shall they once be more,
And all to earth, that came from earth, and to the graue descend,
For earth on earth, to earth shall goe, and earth shall be the end.
As Christ ascended hy in clowdes, so Christ in clowdes shall come,
To iudge both good and bad on earth, at dreafull day of dome,
From whence our flesh shall rise again, euen from the drossy dust,
And so shall passe I hope, vnto the mansion of the iust.

FINIS. Lodowick LLOYD.

33. His good name being blemished, he bewayleth.

vnpatientlie

FRand in the front of forlorne hope, past all recovery.
 I stayles stand tab ide the shooke of shame and infamy,
 My life through lingring long is lodge, in lare of lochsome wayes,
 My death delayd to keepe from life, the harme of haplesse dayes:
 My sprites, my hart, my witte and force, in deepe destresse are dround,
 The onely losse of my good name, is of these greefes the ground.

And since my mind, my wit, my head, my voyce, and tongue are weake:
 To bitter, mooue, deuise, conceaue, sound forth, declare, and speake:
 Such pearling plaintes, as aunswere might, or would my wofull case,
 Helpe craue I must, and craue I will, with teares vpon my face:
 Of all that may in heauen or hell, in earth or ayre be found,
 To waille with me this losse of mine, as of these greefes the ground.

Helpe gods, helpe saintes, helpe sprits & powers, y in y heauen do dwell,
 Helpe ye the are to waille aye woont, ye howling houndes of hell:
 Helpe man, helpe beasts, helpe birds, & wormes, that on y earth doth toile
 Helpe fishe, helpe foule, that flockes and feedes vpon the salt sea soyle,
 Helpe eccho that in ayre doth flee, shril voyces to resound,
 To waille this losse of my good name, as of these greefes the ground.

FINIS. E. Oxforde.

34. Of Fortunes power. bidz 14

Polierates whose passing hay, causd him to lose his fate,
 A golden ring cast in the seas to change his constant state,
 And in a fish yet at his bourd, the same he after found,
 Thus Fortune loe, to whom she takes, for bountie doth abound.

The myzers into might she mounts, a common case we see,
 And mighty to great misery, she sets in low degree:
 Whom she to day doth reare on high, vpon her whirling wheele,
 To morrow next shee dingeth downe, and casteth at her heele.

C.ii.

Mo

The Paradise

No measure hath shee in her gifts, shee doth reward each sort,
The wise that counsell haue, no more, then fooles that maketh sport,
She bleth neuer partiall handes, for to offend or please,
Geue me good Fortune al men sayes, and throw me in the seas.

It is no fault or worthines, that makes men fall or rise,
I rather be borne Fortunate, then to be very wise,
The blindest man right soone, that by good Fortune guided is,
To whom that pleasant Fortune pipes, can neuer daunce amis.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

35 36. Though Triumph after bloody wars, the greater brags do beare,
Yet Triumph of a conquered mind, the crowne of fame shall weare.

Who so doth marke the carelesse life, of these unhappy dayes,
And sees what smal and slender hold, the state of vertue staves,
He findes, that this accursed trade, proceedeth of this ill,
That men be giuen too much to yeeld, to their vntamed will.

In lacke of coming wiclesse wil, the poore we often see,
Enuies the rich, because that he, his equal cannot be:
The rich aduanced to might by wealth, from wrong doth not refraine,
But will oppresse weaker sort, to heape excellue gaine.

If Fortune were so blind to giue to one man what he wil,
A world would not suffice the same, if he might haue his fill:
We wish, we searce, we strue for all, and haue no more therein,
Then hath the slaue, when death doth come, though *Cresus* welch he bin.

In getting much, we get but care, such brittle wealth to keepe,
The rich with in his walles of stone, doth neuer soundly sleepe:
When poore in weake and slender house, do feare no losse of wealth,
And haue no further care but this, to keepe themselves in health.

Affection may not hve the sword of sway in iudgement sent,
Least partiall fauour execute, the law in causes greate:

But if the mind in constant state, affection quite do leaue,
The higher state shall haue their rights, the poore no wrong receaue,

It is accompted greater prayse to *Cæsars* loftie state,
Against his banquitt foes, in warres to brydle weakeful hate:
Then when to Rome he had subdued the people long unknowne,
Whereby as farre as land was found, the same aboue was blowne,

If honoꝝ can selfe will refuse, and iustice be vpꝛight,
And priuate state desires but that, which good appeares in sight,
Then vertue shall with soueraigne shew, to euery eye reueale,
A heauenly life, a wealeful state, a happy common weale.

Let vertue then the triumph win, and gouern all your deedes,
Pour peelding to her sober beastes, immortall glöꝝ breeds:
Shew shall vpeare your worthy name, shining into the skies,
Per beames shall blaze in graue obscure, where shyned carkasse lyes,

FINIS. M. Edwards.

37. Of perfect wisdom.

Who so will be accompted wise, and truly claime the same,
By ioyning vertue to his deedes, he must archieue the same:
But few there be, that seeke thereby true wisdom to attaine,
O God so rule our hartes cheryze, such fondnesse to refraine,

The wisdom which we most esteeme, in this thing doth consist,
With glorious talke to shew in words, our wisdom when we list,
Yet not in talke, but seemely deedes, our wisdom we should place,
To speake so faire, and doe but ill, doth wisdom quite disgrace,

To bargain well, and shunne the losse, a wisdom counteth it,
And thereby through the greedy cōꝝ, no hope of grace to mis:
To seeke by honoꝝ to aduance his name to brydle prayse,
Is wisdom, which we dayly see, increaseth in our dayes.

The Paradise

But heauenly wisdom sower seemes to hard for them to win,
And weary of the lute they seeme, when they do once begin:
It teacheth vs to frame our life, while vitall breath we haue,
When it dissolueth earthly masse, the soule from death to saue.

By feare of God to rule our steppes, from sliding into vice,
A wisdom is, which we neglect, although of greater price:
A poynt of wisdom also this, we commonly esteeme,
That euery man should be in deede, that he desires to seeme.

To byidle that desire of gaine, which forceth vs to ill,
Our haughty stomackes Lord repress, to tame presuming will:
This is the wisdom that we should, aboue each thing desire,
O heauenly God from sacred throne, that grace in vs inspire.

And print in our repugnant harts, the rules of wisdom true,
That all our deedes in worldly life, may like therof insue:
Thou onely art the liuing spring, from whence this wisdom flowes,
O wash therewith our sinful harts, from vice that therein growes.

FINIS. M. Edwardes;

37

against worldlings 38. A freendly admonition.

YE stately wightes, that liue in quiet rest,
Through worldly wealth, which God hath giuen you,
Lament with teares and sighes from doleful brest:
The shame and power that vice obtaineth now,
Behold how God doth daily profer grace,
Yet we disdayne repentance to embrace.

The fuddes of sinne do soke into the mind,
And cancred vice doth vertue quite expel:
No change to good alas can resting finde,
Our wicked harts so stoutly do rebel.
Not one there is that hasteth to amend,
Though God from heauen his daily threates vowe send.

We are so slow to change our blameful life,
We are so prest to smatch aluising vice:
Such greedy harts on euery side be rife,
So few that guide their will by counsel wise,
To let our teares lament the wretched case,
And call to God for undeserued grace.

You worldly wightes, that haue your fancies fire,
On slipper top of terrene pleasure here:
Let some remorse in all your deedes be mire,
Whiles you haue time let some redresse appeare,
Of sodaine death the houre you shall not know,
And looke for Death althoughe he seemeth slow.

Oh be no iudge in other mens offence,
But purge thy selfe and seeke to make thee free,
Let euery one apply his diligence,
A change to good with in him selfe to see,
O God direct our feete in such a way,
From cancred vice to shun the hateful way.

FINIS. R. Hill.

velle sum cuq; it rex discolor vsq;

39. Sundry men sundry affectes.

¶ Every wight some sundry sort of pleasure I do find,
Which after trauaile he doth seeke to ease his topling mind.
Diana with her trayning chace, of hunting had delight,
Against the fearful Deare, she could direct her shotte aright,
The lusty peeres in euery age, doth stil embrace the same,
The sport is good, if vertue doo assist the cheereful game.

Hunting

Minerva in her chattering armes her courage had a duance,
In trial of the bloudy wars, she giueth luckie chaunce.
For sauegard men embrace the same, which do so needful seeme,
That noble harts their cheefe delights in vse thereof esteeme,
In warlike games to ride or crye the force of armes they vse,
And bafe the man we do account that doth the same refuse.

warfare

et. iiii.

The Paradise

The siluer sound of musickes cordes, doth please Apollos wit,
 A science which the heauens aduance, where it deserues to sit,
 A pleasure apt for euery wight, releese to careful mind,
 For woe redresse, for care a salve, for sadnes helpe we find.
 The soueraigne praise of Musicke still, doth cause the Poets faine,
 That whirling Spheres, and eake the heauens do hermonie retaine,

I haue, that these three powers, at variance lateli fel,
 Whiles each did prayse his owne delight, the other to excel.
 Then came, as an indifferent iudge, to end the case they call,
 The praise pronounced by her to them, indifferently both fall.
 Diana health and strength maintaine, Minerva force doth tame,
 And Musicke giues a swete delight, to further others game.

These three delightes to haue in mindes the worthiest are esteemed,
 If vertue be annexed to them, they rightly be so deemed.
 With ioy they do reuiue the witte with sorrow oft oppress,
 And neuer suffer solemne greefe to long in mind to rest.
 Be wise in mirth, and seeke delight, the same doe not abuse,
 In honest mirth a happy ioy we ought not to refuse.

FINIS. R. Hill.

40. Of a Friend and a Flatterer.

A Trustie friend is rare to find, a fawning foe may sone be got:
 A faithfull friend bere still in mind, but fawning foe regard thou not
 A faithfull friend no cloke doth erare, to colour knauery withal:
 But Sycophant a Goun must haue, to beare a port what ere befall.
 A nose to smel out euery feast, a brasen face to set it out:
 A shamles child or homly geast, whose life doth like to range about.
 A fawning foe while wealth doth last, a thefe to rob and spoile his friend:
 As strong as oke til wealth doth last, but rotten sticke doth proue in the

(end)

Take first, then leape, beware the mire:

Burnt Child is warnd to dread the fire.

Take heede my friend, remember this,

Short horse (they say) soone carried is.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

Am 3

41. Of

41. Of sufferance cometh ease.

40

I O seeme for to reuenge each wrong in hasty wise,
By prooue of guilelesse men, it hath not bene the guise.
In slaunders lothsome byte, where they condemned be,
With ragelesse mōde they suffer wrong, where truth shal try them free.
These are the patient pagnes, that passe within the brest,
Of those, that feeble their cause by mine, where wrong hath right opprest.
I know how by suspect, I haue bene iudgd awry,
And graunted guilty in the thing, that clerely I deny.
By faith may me defend, if I might loued be,
God iudge me so, as from the guilt I know me to be free.
I wrote but for my selfe, the griefe was all mine owne,
As, who would proue extremitie, by prooue it might be knowne.
Yet are there such, that say they can my meaning deeme,
Without respect of this olde troth, things proue not as they seeme.
Whereby it may befall, in iudgement to be quicke,
To make them selues suspect therewith, that needed not to kicke.
Yet in resisting wrong, I would not haue it thought;
I do amisse, as though I knew by whom it might be wrought.
If any such there be, that herewithall be vert,
It were their vertue to beware, and deeme me better next.

L. Vaux.

43. All thinges are Vaine:

41

AL though the purple morning, bragges in brightnes of the sunne,
As though he had of chased night, a glorious conquest wonne:
The time by day, giues place againe to force of drowlie night,
And euery creature is constrained to change his lusty plight.
Of pleasures all, that here we taste:
We feeble the contrary at laste.
In spring, though pleasant Zephrus, hath frutesful earch inspired,
And nature hath each bush, each branch, with blossomes braue attired:
Yet frutes and flowers, as buds and blomes ful quickly withered be,
When stormie winter comes to kill, the sommers solitie.
By time are got, by time are lost,
All thinges wherein we pleasure most.

J. L.

Although

The Paradise

Although the Seas so calmly glide, as daungers none appeare;
And dout of stormes, in skie is none, king Phæbus shines so cleare;
Yet when the boistrous windes breake out, and raging waues do swell,
The seely barke now heaues to heauen, now sinckes againe to hel.

Thus change in euery thing we see,
And nothing constant seemes to be.

Who floweth most in worldly wealth of welch is most vnsure,
And he that cheefely tastes of ioy, doth sometime woe endure.

Who haunteth most of numbred freendes, forgoe them al he must,
The fairest flesh and truest blood, is turn'd at length to dust.

Experience giues a certain ground,

That certain here, is nothing found.

Then trust to that which aye remaines, the blisse of heauens above,

Which Time, nor Fate, nor Wind, nor Storme, is able to remoue.

Trust to that sure celestiall rocke, that restes in glorious throne,

That hath bene, is, and must be stil, our anker hold alone.

The world is but a vanitie,

In heauen seeke we our suretie.

FINIS. F. K.

44. A Vertuous Gentlewoman in the praise of hir loue.

I Am a Virgin faire and free, and freely doe reioyce,

I sweetely warble sugred notes, from silver voyce:

For which delightful ioyes, yet thanke I curtesie loue,

By whose almighty power, such sweete delights I proue.

I walke the pleasant fieldes, adorn'd with liuely greene,

And view the fragrant flowers, most louely to be seene

The purple Columbine, the Cowslippe and the Lillie,

The Violet sweete, the Daizie and Daffadillie.

The Woodbines on the hedge, the red Rose and the white,

And each fine flower els, that rendreth sweete delight

Among the which I choose, al thole of seemeliest grace,

In thought, resembling them to my deare louers face.

His

His louely face I meane, whose golden flouring giftes,
His euer lining fame, to lospe skie bylistes:
Whom louing me I loue, onely for vertues sake,
When vertuously to loue, al onely care I take.

Of al which fresh saire flowers, that flower that doth appeare,
In my conceit most like to him I hold so deare:
I gather it, I kisse it, and eake deuile with it,
Such kind of louely speach, as is for louers fit.

And then of all my flowres, I make a garland fine,
With which my golden wyer beares, together I do twine:
And sette it on my head, so taking that delight,
That I would take, had I my louer still in sight.

For as in goodly flowres, mine eyes great pleasure find,
So are my louers giftes most pleasant to my mind:
Upon which vertuous giftes, I make more sweete repast,
Then they that for loue sportes, the sweetest ioyes do tast.

FINIS. F. K.

45. Oppressed with sorow he wisheth death.

FF Fortune may enforce, the careful hart to cry
And griping grieve constraine, the wounded wight lament:
Who then alas to mourne, hath greater cause then I,
Against whose hard mishap, both Heauen and earth is bent,
For whom no helpe remaines, for whom no hope is left,
From whom all happy happ is fled, and pleasure quite bereft.
Whose life nought can prolong, whose health, nought can procure.
Whose passed proose of pleasant ioy,
Dischaunce hath chaunged to greefes annoy:
And loe, whose hope of better day,
Is ouerwhelmd with long delay.

Oh hard mishap.

F. ii. Each

who can not hope for change of happy nor can this happy woman

The Paradise

Each thing I plainly see, whose vertues may auaille,
To ease the pinching paine, which gripes the growning wyght:
By Physicks sacred skill, whose rule doth seldome faile,
Through labours long inspect, is playnly brought to light.
I know, there is no fruite, no leafe, no roote, no rind,
No hearbe, no plant, no tyme, no gumme, no metal deeply mind:
No Pearle, no precious stone, ne Ieme of rare effect,
Whose vertues, learned Gallens bookes, at large do not detect.
Yet al their force can not appeale,
The furious fittes of my diseale:
Nor any drugge of physickes art,
Can ease the greefe that gripes my hart.

Oh strange diseale.

I heare the wise affirme, that Nature hath in store,
A thousand secrete salues, which Wisedome hath out found:
To coole the scorching heate of euery smarting sore,
And healeth deepest scarce, though greenous be the wound.
The auncient prouerbe sayes, that none so festred greefe,
Doth grow, for which the gods them selues, haue not ordayned releefe.
But I by prooffe do know, such prouerbs to be vaine,
And thinke that nature neuer knew the plague that I sustaine.
And so not knowing my distresse,
Hath left my greefe remedlesse:
For why, the heauens for me prepare,
To liue in thought, and dye in care.

Oh lasting paine.

By chaunge of ayre I see, by hant of healthful soyle,
By dyet duely kept, grosse humors are expeld:
I know that greefes of mind, and inwards harts turmoile,
By faithful freendes aduise, in time may be repeld.
Yet al this nought auailles, to kil that me annoyes,
I meane to stop these flouds of care that overflow my ioyes.
No none exchange of place, can change my lucklesse lot,
Like one I liue, and so must dye, whom Fortune hath forgot.
No counsel can preuaile with mee,
Nor sage aduise with greefe agree:

For

For he that feelles the panges of hel,
Can neuer hope in heauen to dwell.

Oh deepe despaire.

What liues on earth but I, whose trauaile reapes no gaine,
The wearied Horse and Dre, in stall and stable rest:

The Antc with sommers toyle beares out the winters paine,

The fowle that fyles al day, at night retournes to rest.

The Ploughmans weary worke, amid the winters mire,

Rewardcd is with sommers gaine, which yeeldes him double hire.

The silly laboring soule, which djudges from day to day,

At night his wages truely payd, contented goch his way.

And comming home, his drawle head,

He cowlcheth close in homely bed:

Wherein no sooner downe he lyes,

But sleepe hath straight possess his eyes,

Oh happy man.

The Souldier biding long the hunc of mortall warres,

Where life is neuer free, from dint of deadly foyle:

At last comes ioyful home, though mangled all with scarres,

Where frankly, boyde of feare, he spends the gotten spoyle.

The Pirate lying long, amid the fooming floods,

With euery flaw in hazard is to loose both life and goods:

At lencgh findes view of land, where wished Port he spies,

Which once obtained, among his mates, he partes the gotten prise,

Thus euery man, for trauaile past,

Doth reape a iust reward at last:

But I alone, whose troubled mind,

In seeking rest, vnrest doth find.

Oh lucklesse lotte.

Oh cursed caitife wretch, whose heauy hard mishappe,

Doth with tennce thousand times, that thou habist not ben boyne:

Since fate hath thee condemned, to liue in sorrowes lappe,

Where waylings waste thy life, of all redressc forlorne.

What shal thy grieffe appeale? who shal thy torment stay?

Wilt thou thy selfe, with murdering hands, enforce thy owndecay?

No, farre be thou from me, my selfe to stoppe my breath,

The gods forbid, whom I beseech, to worke my ioyes by death.

For lingring length of lothsome life,
 Doth stirre in me such mortal strife:
 That whiles for life and death I cry,
 In death I liue, and liuing dye.
 Oh froward fate.

Loe here my hard mishap, loe here my strange disease,
 Loe here my deepe del paine, loe here my lasting paine:
 Loe here my froward fate, which nothing can appease,
 Loe here how others toyle, rewarded is with gaine.
 While lucklesse, loe I liue, in losse of labours due,
 Compeld by prooue of torment strong, my endlesse greefe to rue:
 In which, since needes I must, consume both youth and age,
 If olde I liue, and that my care no comfort can assuage.
 Henceforth I banishe from my brest,
 All frustrate hope of future rest,
 And treblesse trust to times reward,
 With al respects of ioyes regard.

Here I forswear.

47. Where reason makes request, her wise dome ought supply
With frendly answer prest, to grant or els deny.

I sigh, why so? for sorowe of her smart,
 I moine, wherfore? or greefe that she complaynest
 I pitie, what? her oppressed hart,
 I dread what harme: the danger she sustaines,
 I greeue whereat: at her oppressing paines.
 I feele, what force the fittes of her disease,
 Whose harme doth me and her, alike displease.

I hope, what happe? her happy heales retyre,
 I wish, what wealth? no wealth, nor worldly store:
 But craue, what crake? by cunning to aspire,
 Some skil, whereto? to salue her sickly sore.
 What then? why then would I her heale restore,
 Whose harme me hurtes, how so? so workes my will,
 To wish my selfe and her, like good and ill.

What

What moues thy mind, whereto such desire,
 Ne force, ne fauour, what then? free fancies choyle:
 Art thou to chole? my charter to require,
 Each Ladys loue is freed by custumes voyce,
 Yet are there grauntes, the euidence of their choyle.
 What then, our freedome is at large in choosling,
 As Womans wils is froward in refusing.

Notes thee thy wil? she knowes what I protest,
 Daynde she thy sute? she daungers not my talke:
 Gaue she consent? she graunted my request,
 What didst thou craue? the roote, the fruite, the stalke,
 I asked them all, what gaue thee, Cheese, or chalke?
 That tast must try, what tast? I meane the prooffe,
 Of freendes, whose wils withhold ther home aloofe.

Meanst thou good faith? what els, hopest thou to speede?
 Why not, O foole vntaught in carpell trade,
 Knowest not what prooffes from such delayes proceede,
 Wilt thou like headlesse Cocke be caught in glades?
 Art thou like asse, too apt for burben made?
 Fry, fry, wilt thou for saint adore the thyme?
 And was her freend, eare she be wholly thine?

Whodrewes this drisse? moued she, or thou this matche?
 Twas I: oh foole vnware of womans wyle,
 Long maist thou waite, like hungry hounde at hatch,
 She crafty Foxe, the feely Goose beguiles,
 Thy sute is shapd so fit for long delay,
 That she at will may cheke, from pea to hay.

But in good soothe, tel me her freendes intent,
 Best learne it first, thei purpose I not know,
 Why then thy wil to worse and worse is bent,
 Dost thou delight, the unkindled cole to blowe,
 Or childlike louest, in anckred boote to rowe?

The Paradise

What meane these termes: who sich thy sute is such,
Know of or on, or thou affect too much.

No haste but good, why no, the meane is best;
Admit the loue, mislike in lingring growest;
Suppole the is caught, then Woodbrocke on thy crest,
Til end approues, what I korneful seedes she sowes.
In loytring loue, such dangers ebbes and flowes,
What helpe herein: why wake in dangerous watch,
That too, no? fro, may make thee marre the match.

Is that the way to end my weary worke
By quicke dispatch, to lesson long turmople,
Well wel, though losse in lingering montes to lurke,
And I a foole, most fitte to take the foyler,
Pet prooffe from promise, neuer shall recople.

My words with deedes, and deedes with wordes shall wend,
Til thee or hers, gainsay that I intend.

Art thou so fond: not fond, but firmly fast;
Why foole her freendes wote how thy wil is bent:
Pet thou like vout, whose witte and sence is past,
Dost not what frumpes, do follow thy entent.
We know, how loue in lewe of I korne is lent,
Adewe, for sightes such folly should mend:
Well wel, their I kosses with scornes might be repayd;
If my requestes were fully yead or nayd,
Well, wel, let these with wisdomes payle be wayd,
And in pour chest of cheefest secreates layd.

47. *Full N. L. S. My lucke in losse.*

48. *What ioy to a contented mind. none.*

The faith that sayles, must needs be thought true,
The freend that saines, who holdeth not vntrue,
Who likes that loue, that changeth still for new,
Who hopes for trueth, where troth is voyde of trust,
No faith, no freend, no loue, no troth so sure,
But rather failes, then stedfastly endure.

What

That head so stayed: that altereth not intent,
That thought so sure: that steadfast doth remaine,
That witte so wise: that neuer needes repent:
That tongue so true: but sometime woules to laine,
That foote so firme: that neuer treades awrye.
That soner diuident: then sight of clearest eye.

minut in human
ribus perfectio
ant constants a
omni parte

That hart so fixe: but lone enclines to change,
That moode so milde: that neuer moued debates:
That faith so strong, but lightly likes to range,
That loue so true: that neuer leerd to hate.
That life so pure: that lasts, without offence,
That worldly minde: but moues with ill pretence.

That knot so fast: that may not be vntide,
That seale so sure: but fraude or force shall breake:
That prop of stay: but one time thynkes alide,
That ship so stauche: that neuer had a leake.
That graunt so large: that no exception makes,
That hoped helpe, but freend at neede forsakes.

That seate so high: but low to ground may fall,
That hay so good: that neuer sound mislike:
That state so sure: but subiect is to chfall.
That force preuailes: where Fortune list to strik.
That wealth so much: but time may turne to want,
That store so great: but wasting maketh I Kane.

That wofulnes hope in deyth of dangers chfall,
That ruste in time, but wareth worse and worse:
That helpes good harte, if Fortune froun withall,
That blessing thriues, against heauenly helples curse,
That winnes desire to get and can not gayne,
That bores to wish and neuer to obtaine.

FINIS. My lucke is losse

G. i.

47. Done

The Paradise

47. *Donec eris Felix multos numerabis amicos,
Nullus ad a missus ibit amicus opes.*

EUen as the Raven, the Crow, and greedy Kite,
Do swarming flocks, where carren corpes doth lye,
And tiring teare with beak and talentes might,
Both skin and flesh to gorge their guttes withall,
And neuer cease, but gather moe to moe,
Doe all to pull the carcase go and froe,
Till bared bones at last they leaue behinde,
And seeke elsewhere some fatter foode to finde.

Euen so I see, where wealth doth waue at will,
And Gold doth grow to heapes of great encrease:
There freendes resort, and profering friendship still,
Ful chicke they throng, with neuer ceasing please,
And flilie make a shewe of true intent,
When nought but guile, and inward hate is ment:
For when mischance shall change such wealth to want,
They packe them thence to place of richer haunt.

F I N I S. My lucke is losse.

49. *Amantium ira amoris redintigracia est.*

IN going to my naked bed as one that would haue slept,
I hard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept:
She sighed sore and sang full swete, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease but cryed still, in sucking at her brest:
She was full wearie of her watch, and greened with her child,
She rocked it and rated it, til that on her it smilde:
Then did she say now haue I found, this prouerbe true to proue,
The falling out of faithfull frends, renning is of loue.
Then tooke I paper, penne and ynke, this prouerbe for to write,
In register for to remaine, of such a worthy wight:
As she proceeded thus in song vnto her little bratt,
Much matter vetered she of waight, in place whereas she satt.
And proued plaine, there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be knowne to liue in loue, without discorde and strife:

Then

Then kissed she her litle babe, and sware by God above,
The falling out of faithfull frendes, renuing is of loue,

She sayd that neither king ne prince, ne lord could liue aright,
Until their puissaunce the did proue their manhod and their might,
When manhode shal be matched so, that feare can take no place,
Then weary workes make warriours, each other to embrace,
And leaued their foyle that sayled them, which did consume the rout,
That might before haue liued their time, and nature out,
Then did she sing as one that thought, no man could her repproue,
The falling out of faithfull frendes, renuing is of loue,

She sayd she saw no fishe ne foule, nor beast within her haunt,
That mett a stranger in their kind, but could giue it a taunt,
Since fleshe might not endure, but rest must wach succede,
And foyle the fight to fall to play, in pasture where they feede,
So noble nature can well ende, the worke she hath begone,
And bryde well that will not cease, her tragedy in some,
Thus in song she oft reherst, as dyd her wel behoue,
The falling out of faithfull frendes, is the renuing of loue.

I meruaile much pardy quoth she, for to behold the route,
To see man, woman, boy & beast, to colse the world about,
Some knele, some crouch, some beck, some chek, & some can smotherly smile
And some embrace others in arme, and there thinke many a wile,
Some stand aloufe at cap and knee, some humble and some stoute,
Yet are they neuer frendes in deede, untill they once fall out,
Thus ended she her song, and sayd before she did renoue,
The falling out of faithfull frendes, is the renuing of loue.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

Death

43. *I thinke to dye.* *a mite a misere song*

The life is long, which lothsomly both last,
The doleful dayes draw slowly to their date,
The present panges, and painful plagies sorepast,
Peldes grese eye grene, to stablisch this estate.

G.ii.

So

The Paradise

So that I feele in this great storme and strife,
That death is sweete, that thoptneth such a life.

And by the stroke of this strange ouerthrowe,
All which conflict in thraldome I was thrust:
The Lord be prayled, I am well taught to know,
From whence man came, and eke whereto he must.
And by the waye, vpon how feeble force,
His terme doth stand, till death doth end his course.

The pleasant peeres that seemes so sweetely romne,
The merry dayes to ende, so fast that flete:
The ioyfull brightes, of which dayes drawes so sone,
The happy howres which do misse then mete.
Do all consume as snowe before the Sunne,
And death makes end of all that life begonne.

Since death shall dure all all the world to be wast,
What meaneeth man to dreame death then so sore?
As man might make, that life should alway last,
Without regard the Lord hath ledde before.

The daunce of death, which all must runne on rowe,
The hower wherein onely himselfe doth knowe,

If man would mind, what burdeins life doth bring,
What greuous crimes to God he doth commit:
What plagues, what perill thereby spring,
With no sure hower in all his dayes to sit.
He would sure thinke, as with great cause I doe,
The day of death is happier of the two.

Death is the doore whereby we drawe to ioy,
Life is the lake that drowneth all in payne:
Death is to dole it sealeth all away,
Life is so leude, that al it yelds is bayne.
And as by life, in bondage man is brought,
Euen so by death is freedome likewise wrought.

Wherefore

Wherefore with waile let all men wisly and pray,
To be disolued of this soule fleshy masse;
Or at the least be armed against the day,
That they be found good souldiers prest to passe.
From life to death, from death to life againe,
And such a life as euer shall remaine.

FINIS. D. 3.

51. If thou desire to live in quietnes,
Give eare and se but say the verie.

If thou: delight, in quietnes of life,
Desire: to shonn, from byalls, debate and strife,
To live: in loue with god, with frend and foe,
In rest: shalt sleepe: when others cannot so.

Give eare: to all, yet doo not all beleue,
And see: the end, and then do sentence ge eue;
But say: for truth of happy liues aslind,
The best: hath he that quiet is in mind.

FINIS. M. Hamme.

52. Being forsaken of his frend he complaineth.

Why should I lenger long to liue,
In this deseale of fantasie,
Sins fortune doth not cease to glue,
Thinges to my mind most contrarie.
And at my ioyes doth lowpe and scrowne,
Till she hath tourned them bysdoome,

A freende I had to me most deere,
And of long time faithfull and iust:
There was no one, my hart so neere,
Nor one in whome I had more trust.

Gill

Whom

The Paradise

Whom now of late without cause why,
Fortune hath made my enemy.

The grasse me thinkes should grow in skie,
The starres, vnto the earth cleaue faster;
The water streame should passe awyle,
The winds should leaue their strength of blast,
The Sunne and Moone by one assent,
Should both forlake the firmament.

The fishe in ayre should flye, with fenne,
The foules in floud, should bring forth frye:
All thinges methinkes should erst beginne,
To take their cour'se vnnaturally,
Afore my frend should alter so,
Without a cause to be my foe:

But such is Fortunes hate I say,
Such is his will on me to wreake;
Such spite he hath at me alway,
And ceaseth not my hart to breake.
With such despite of crueltie,
Wherefore then longer liue should I.

FINIS. F. S.

53. Prudens. The history of Damacles, & Dionise.

W^ho so is set in princely throne, and craveth rule to beare,
Is still beset on euery side, with verill and with feare.

High trees by stormy windes are shakt, and rent vp from the ground,
And flathy flakes of lightning flames on turners do rebound.

When little shrubs in sauetie lurke, in couert all alowe,
And freshly flourish in their kind, what euer wind doe blowe,

The cruel king of Scisili: who tearing Barbaras hands,

Was wont to sing his beare himselfe, with cole and fire brands,
Hath taught vs this, the prooffe whereof, full plainly we may see.

Was neuer thing more liuely touched, to shewe it so to be.
 This king did seeme to Damacles, to be the happiest wight,
 Because he thought none like to him, in power or in might,
 Who did alone so farre excell the rest in his degree,
 As doth the Sunne in brightnes cleare, the darkest starre we see.
 Wilt thou (then sayd this cruell king) proue this in present state;
 Possesse thou shalt this seate of mine, and so be fortunat;
 Full gladly then this Damacles, this proferd honour tooke,
 And shooting at a princely life, his quiet rest forsooke.
 In honours seat then was he plast, according to his will;
 Forth with a banquet was prepard, that he might feast his fill.
 Nothing did want, wherein it was thought, that he could take delight,
 To feede his eye, to fill his mouth, or please the appetite.
 Such store of plate, I thinke in Grece, there scarcely was so much;
 His seruicours did angels seeme, their passing hope was such.
 No dainty dish but there it was, and thereof was such store,
 That through out Grece so princely cheere, was neuer seene before.
 Thus while in pompe and pleasures seat, this Damacles was plast,
 And did begin with gladsome hart, each dainty dish to tast.
 At length by chaunce cast by his eyes, and gan the house to viewe,
 And saw a sight that him enforst, his princely state to reue.
 A sword forsooth with downward poyn, that had no stronger chead,
 Then one horse heere that peiled it, direct vpon his head.
 Therewith he was so sore amasse, and shoke in euery part,
 As though the sword that hong about, had stroke him to the hart.
 Then all their pleasures tooke, their leque, & sorrow came in place,
 His heauie hart the teares declar'd, that trickled down his face.
 And then forthwith with sobbing voyce, besought the king of grace,
 That he would licence him with speede, to depart out of that place.
 And sayd that he full long enough, had tried now with feare,
 What tis to be a happy man, and princely rule to beare.
 This deede of thine oh Dionise, deserues immortal fame,
 This deede shall alwayes live with prayse, though thou didst live in shame.
 Whereby both kinges be put in mind, their dangers to be grent,
 And subiects be forbid to clime, high steppes of honours seat.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

G. lili.

43. Fortitude.

48. Fortitude. A young man of Egypt, and Valerian, was an

The one deserves great prayse to haue, but yet not like I thinke,
 Both he that can sustaine the poke of paines, & doth not shrinke,
 And he whom Cupids rouert craft can nothing moue at all,
 Into the hard and tangled knottes of Venus snares to fall.
 Besturre you then who so delightes in vertues race to runne,
 The flying hope with bow ibent, by strength to ouer come.
 As one dyd once when he was young, and in his tender dayes,
 Whose stoute and noble dedde of his, hath got immortall prayse.
 The wicked Romaines did pursue the sely Christians than,
 What time Valerian Emperour was a wicked cruel man.
 Who spared not with bloody draughtes, to quench his stoune desire,
 Dispatching all that stucke to Christ with hote consuming fire.
 At length a man of tender peeres was brought before his sight,
 Such one as Nature seemed to make a witnes of her might.
 For every part so well was set, that nothing was depraied,
 So that the cruell king himselte, would gladly him haue saued.
 So loth he was to see a worke, so rare of Natures power,
 So finely built so sodainly destroyed within an houre.
 Then meaues he sought to overcome, or win him at the last,
 To slip from Christ whom he before had earnestly profest.
 A bedde preparte, so finely deckt, such diuers pleasant smells,
 That well it might appeare a place, where pleasure onely dwells,
 By him he layd a naked wench, a Venus darling sure,
 With sugred speech & lonely toyes, that might his mind allure.
 Such wanton lewres as these he thought, might easily him entise,
 Which thinges he knew with lustie youth, had alwayes ben in prise.
 Such wapes I thinke the Gods themselues, could haue inuented none,
 For flattering Venus ouercomes the senses euery chone,
 And he himselte was euen at poppe, to Venus to consent,
 Had not his stoute and manly mind resisted his entent.
 When he perceined his flesh to yeeld to pleasures wanton toyes,
 And was by sight almost prouoked, to tast of Venus ioyes.
 More cruel to himselte then those, that glad would him vndoe,
 With bloody coch, his tender tongue, botte quite and cleane in twoo.

Thus

Thus was the paine so passing greate of this his bloudie bite,
That all the fire and carnall luste, was quenched euery while.
Doe ill and all thy pleasures then full sone will passe awaie,
But yet the shame of those thy deedes, will neuer more decaye.
Doe well and though thy paines be great, yet sone eche one will cease,
But yet the praise of those thy deedes will euermore increase.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

58. Justice. Zalench and his Sonne.

L Et rulers make mosse perfect lawes, to rule bothe greate and smal
If thei them selues obeie them not, it bootech not at all.
As lawes be nought but rulers dome, continuing egall might,
So rulers should bee speakyng Lawes, to rule by line of right.
Zalench the Prince of Locrine once, appointed by decree,
Eche Lecherer should bee punished, with losse of either eye.
His sonne by chaunce offended first, whiche when his father sawe,
Lorde God how earnest then was he, to execute the Lawe.
Then ranne the people all by flocks, to hym with weepynge eyes,
Not one among the route there was, but pardon, pardon cries.
By whose outcries and earnest sute, his sonne in hope did stande,
That he thereby should then obtaine, some pardon at his hande.
But all in vaine, for he is founde to bee the man he was,
And maketh haste so muche the more, to haue the Lawe to passe.
The people yet renewed their sute, in hope of some relief,
Whose faces all besprent with teares, did testifie their grief.
And cried all for pitie sake, yelde now to our request,
If all you will not cleane remit, yet ease the paine at least.
Then somewhat was the father moued, with all the peoples voyce,
And euery man did giue a shoote, to shewe thei did reioyce.
Well then qu he, it shall bee thus, the Lawe shall bee fulfild,
And yet my sonne shall fauour haue, accordyng as you wilde.
One eye of his shall bee pulde out, thus hath his leudnesse got,
And likewise so shall one of myne, though I deserue it not.
This worde no soner was pronounced, but strait the deede was don,
Two eyes, no mo were lefte, betwene the father and the sonne.
Saie now who can, and on my faith Apollo he shall bee,
Was he more gentle father lo for iustice Iudge trowe ye.
This man would not his Lawes belike, the webbs the Spiders weue.

W. J.

Wherein

The Paradise

Wherein thei lurke when thei incende, the simple to deceiue,
Wherewith small flies full sone be caught, and tangled ere thei vntie,
When greate ones flie and scape awaie, and breake them as thei litle.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

59. Temperaunce. *Spurina and the Romaine Ladies.*

54
If nature beare the so greate Loue, that she in thee haue beautie plast
Full hard it is as we doe proue, to keepe the bodie cleane and chaste:
Twixt comelinesse and chastitie,
A deadlie strife is thought to be.

For beautie whiche some men suppose, to be as tware a golden ill,
Prouoketh grief and many foes, that seke on her to worke her will:

Assaults to Tounes if many make,

No Toun so strong but maie be take.

And this Spurina witnesse can, who did for beautie beare the bell,
So cleane a wight so comely made, no dame in Rome but loued well

Not one could coole her hote desire,

So burnyng was the flame of fire.

Like as when baite caste in the floud, forthw doeth cause the fishes come
Thaspleasauncly befoze did plaie, now presently to death to runne:

For when thei see the baite to fall,

Straight waie thei swallowe hooke and all.

So when Spurina thei did see, to hym thei flocked out of bande,
She happelt dame was thought to be, that in his fauour moste did stand

Not knowyng vnder sweete deceits,

How Venus hides her poisoned baits.

But whē he sawe them thus to range, who loue had linked in his chain
This meanes he sought for to all wage, these Ladies of their greenous

His Gape intenyng to disgrace,

With many wounds he scorcht his face,

By which his deede it came to passe, that he that semed an angell bright
Euen now so cleane disfigured was, that he became a lothsome wight.

And rather had he be foule and chaste,

Then faire, and filthie toyes to caste.

What pen can write, or tong expresse, the worthy praises of this deede,
We thinke that God cā do no lesse, then graunt him heauē for his meede

Who for to saue hym self vpright,

Hym self hath first destroyed quice.

Finis M. E.

60. A bunch of hearbes and flowers.

If that eche flower, the Gods haue framed, or shapt by sacred skill,
 Where as I would (no wrong to wishe) and myne to weare at will,
 O els eche tree, with lustie top, would lende me leaue to Loue,
 With spriggs displaied to spread my sute, a waylyng harte to proue.
 Upon my helme sone should you see, my hedde aduanced hie,
 Some flipp for solace there to set, and weare the same would I.
 Yet would I not for greate delight, the Daisies straunge desire,
 The Lillie would not like my luste, nor Rose would I require.
 The Mai golde might growe for me, Rosemarie well might reste,
 The Fenell to, that is more fitt, for some unfrendly geste.
 Nor Cowsloppis would I craue at all, sometymes thei seem to cope,
 Some ioly youth the Gelliflower, esteemeth for his ioye.
 The Lauender sometymes aloste, alures the lookers eyes,
 The Paunsie shall not haue the praise, where I maie giue the prise.
 And thus no flower my fansie feedes, or liketh so my luste,
 As that I maie subiecte my self, to toyces of tickle truste.
 For flowers though thei be faire and freshe, of sent excellyng sweete,
 Yet growe thei on the grounde belowe, we tread them with our fete.
 And shall I then goe stoupe to suche, or els goe seke to thole,
 Shall flowers enforce me once to faune, for feare of friends or foze.
 Yet rather yelde I to the right, as reason hath assinde,
 Myne anghour saied there was no salue, in flowers for me to finde.
 And yet perhaps some Tree there is, to shroude me from the shower,
 That with her armes maie salue the soule, that yeldeth to her power.
 Where I maie finde some pleasaunt shade, to salue me from the Sonne
 Eche thyng we see that reason hath, vnder the Trees doe runne.
 Bothe men and beasts suche foules as fyes, the treasures are the trees,
 And for my parte when bzaunches fall, I wishe no other fees,
 But when that stormes besett me rounde, suche succour God me sende,
 That I maie finde a frendlie Tree, that will me well defende.
 No Tree there is whiche yelds no good, to some that doeth it seke:
 And as thei are of diuerse kinds, their vles are vnlike.
 The Cue tree serues the Bowyers courne, the Ashe the Coupers arte,
 The puissaunt Oke doeth make the poste, the Pine some other parte.
 The Elm doeth helpe to hide the birds, in wearie Winters night,
 The Briers I gesse are nothyng worthe, thei serue but for despight.

P. 11

The

heards a
trees a
flowre

The Paradise

The Willowe witht I farre from hence, good will deserue no wrong,
 The Sallowe well maie serue their states, that syng so sad a song.
 The Bore and Beeche eche for hym self, aboute the reste doeth bothe,
 The Eglantine for pleasure ofte, is pycked vpon the poste,
 The Hawthorne so is had in pryse, the Baies doe beare the bell,
 And that these Baies did byng no blisse, I like it not so well.
 As erst I doe that semely Tree, by whiche those Baies I founde,
 And where withall vnwittyngly, I tooke so greate a wounde.
 As if the Tree by whiche I lent, doeth lende me no relief,
 There is no helpe but doune I fall, so greate is growne my grief.
 And therefore at the laste I craue, this fauour for to finde,
 When euery Tree that here is colde, begins to growe vnkinde.
 The B. for beautie whom I bothe, and shall aboute the reste,
 That B. maie take me to her trust, for B. doeth please me beste.
 It liks me well to walke the wate, where B. doeth keepe her bower,
 And when it Raines to B. I runne to saue me from the shower.
 This bzaunche of B. whiche here I meane, to kepe and chiefly craue,
 At becke vnto this B. I bowe, to serue that beautie bzaue.
 What shall I saie the tyme doeth passe, the tale to tedious is,
 Though lothe to leaue, yet leaue I must, and saie no more but this.
 I wishe this B. I might embrace, when as the same I see,
 A league for life then I require, berwene this B. and me.
 And though vnworthy, yet good will, doeth worke the wate herein
 And B. hath bzought the same about, which beautie did begin. *Finis.*

62. In commendation of Musick.

Here griping griefe & hart would wofulde, & dolfull dūpes & mind op-
 There Musick with her siluer soūd, is wont to spee to giue redresse:
 Of troubled mynds for euery soze, sweete Musick hath a salue in soze.
 In ioy it maketh our mirth abound, in griefe it chers our heauie sprits.
 The carefull head relief hath found, by Musicks pleasant sweete delits:
 Our senses, what should I saie more, are subiecte vnto Musicks loze.
 The Gods by Musick hath their praie, the foule therein doeth ioye,
 For as the Romain Poets saie, in seas whom Pirats would destroye,
 A Dolphin saude from death moste sharpe, Arion playng on his harpe
 Oh beauefly gift, & turnes the minde, like as the sterne doeth rule & ship,
 Of musick whō the gods assignde to cōfort mā, whom cares would nip
 Sith & both man & beast doest moue, what wisemā the will thee reynoue.

FINIS.

63. A dialog betwene the auctour and his eye.

Auctour.

My eye why didst thou light on that, whiche was not thyne?
Why hast thou with thy sight, thus slaine an harte of myne?
O thou unhappie eye, would God thou hadst been blinde,
When first thou didst her spie, for whom this grief I finde.

Eye.

Why sir it is not I, that doe deserue suche blame,
Your fancie not your eye, is causer of the same:
For I am readie prest, as page that serues your ease,
To searche what thyng is beste, that might your fancie please.

Auctour.

I sent thee forth to see, but not so long to bide,
Though fancie went with thee, thou wert my fancies guide:
Thy message beyng doen, thou might'st retourne againe,
So Cupid Venus sonne, no whit my harte should paine.

Eye.

Where fancie beareth swaye, there Cupid will bee bolde,
And reason flies awaie, from Cupids shafte of golde:
If you finde cause thereby, some deale of painfull smarte,
Alas blame not your eye, but blame consent of harte.

fancy and reason.

Auctour.

My harte must I excuse, and laye the fault on thee,
Because thy sight did chuse, when harte from thought was free:
Thy sight thus brought consente, consent hath bred my grief,
And grief bids bee content, with sorowe for relief.

FINIS. M. Hunnis.

64. Fyndyng no ioye, he desireth death.

The Conie in his cage, the Feret doeth annoye,
And slepyng thence his life to saue, hym self he doeth destroye.
His Berrie rounde about beset, with Hunters snares,
So that when he to scape starts out, is caught therein vnwares,
Like choise poyze man haue I, to bide and reste in Loue,
Driels from thence to flie, as badde a death to proue.

I see, in Loue to reste, vnkindnesse doeth pursue,
To rent the harte out of his breast, whiche is a Louer true:

H. H.

And

The Paradise

And if from Loue I starte, as one that Loue forsakes,
Then pensiue thoughts my harte doeth pearce, and so my life it takes,
Then thus to flie or hide, hard is the choise to chuse,
Since death hath campd, and trenched eche side, & saith life now refuse.

Content I am therefore, my life therein to spende,
And death I take a salue for soze, my wearie daies to ende.
And thus I you require, that faithfull Lons professie,
When carcass cald is in chesse, and bodie laied on hearse.
Pour bynische teares to saue, suche as my corse shall moue,
And therewith wryte byon my graue, beholde the force of Loue.

FINIS. M. Hunnis.

Hope well and haue well.

In hope the Shipman hoiseth saile, in hope of passage good,
In hope of healthe the sicko man, doeth suffer losse of blood:
In hope the prisoner linckt in chaines, hopes libertie to finde,
Thus hope breeds health, and health breeds ease, to euery troubled minde.

In hope desire getts victorie, in hope greate comfort springe,
In hope the Louer liues in ioyes, he feares no dreadfull stynge:
In hope we liue and maie abide, suche stormes as are assignde,
Thus hope breeds health, & health breeds ease, to euery troubled mynde.

In hope we easely suffer harme, in hope of future tyme,
In hope of fruite, the paine semes sweete, that to the tree doeth clime:
In hope of Loue suche glorie growes, as now by propse I finde,
That hope breeds health, & health breeds ease to euery troubled mynde.

FINIS. M. Hunnis.

He requesteth some frendly comfort, affirmyng his constancie.

The mountaines hie whose loftie topps, doeth mete the hautie sky
The craggie rocke that to the sea, free passage doeth deny:
The aged Oke that doeth resist, the force of blustryng blaste,
The pleasaunt hearbe that euery where, a fragrant smell doeth caste.
The Lions force whose courage stout, declares a princelike might,
The Eagle that for worthinesse, is borne of kyngs in sight:
The Serpent eke whose poisoned saws, doeth belche out venime vile,
The lothsome Toad that shunneth light, and liueth in exile.
These these I saie and thousands moze, by tracke of tyme decalye,
And like to tyme doe quite consume, and vade from tyme to tyme.

But

But my true harte and seruice bowed, shall lasse tyme out of minde,
 And still remaines as thyne by dome, as Cupid hath assingde.
 My faith loe here I vowe to thee, my trothe thou knowest right well,
 My goods my friends, my life is thyne, what neede I more to tell?
 I am not myne, but thyne I vowe, thy bests I will obeie,
 And serue thee as a seruaunt ought, in pleasynge if I maie.
 And sicke I haue no slipng wyngs, to see thee as I wishe,
 He sinnes to cut the siluer streames, as doeth the glydyng fishe.
 Wherefore leaue now forgetfulnesse, and sende againe to me,
 And straine thy azured baines to wyte, then I maie greepyng see:
 And thus farewell more deare to me, then chiefest frende I haue,
 Whose Loue in harte I minde to shryne, till death his fee doe craue.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

His complaneth his mishapp.

Shall rigour raigne where ruth hath run, shall fantasie now forsake?
 Shall fortune lose that fauour worne, shall not your anger flake?
 Shall hatefull harte be lad in you, that friendly did pretende,
 Shall slipper thought and faith vncrue, that harte of yours defende?

Shall nature shewe your beautie faire, that gentle seemes to bee?
 Shall frowardnesse your fancies heire, be of more force then she?
 Shall now disdaine the dragg of deach, directe and leade the waie?
 Shall all the imps vpon the pearth, reioyce at my decaille?

Shall this the seruice of my yowth, haue suche reward at laste?
 Shall I receiue rigour of ruth, and be from fauour caste?
 Shall I therefore berent my beares, with wights that wishe to dye?
 Or shall I bathe my self with teares, to feede your sickle eye.

No, no, I shall in paine lye still, with turtle Doue moste true,
 And vowe my self to witt and will, their counsels to ensue:
 Good Ladies all that Louers be, and that to be pretende,
 Goe place to witt, let reason seme, your enemy to defende.

Let that you thinke as I haue thought, your self to strone in vaine,
 And so to be in chaldome brought, with me to suffer paine.

FINIS. M. Hunnis.

No foe to a flatterer.

Would it were not as I thinke, I would it were not so,
 I am not blinde although I winke, I seele what winds doe blowe.

The Paradise

I knowe where craft, with smilypng cheare, creps into boldned breaſte,
I heare how fained ſpeache ſpeaks faire, where hatred is poſſeſſe,
I ſee the Serpent lye and lurcke, vnder the greene alowe,
I ſee hym watche a tyme to worke, his poyſon to beſtowe.

In frendly lookes ſuche fraude is founde, as faith for feare is fled,
And frendſhip hath receiued ſuche wounde, as he is almoſte ded,
And hatefull harte with malice greate, ſo boiles in cankred mynde,
That flatterie ſlearyng in the face, had almoſte made me blinde,
But now I ſee all is not golde, that glittereth in the eye,
Nor yet ſuche frends as thei profeſſe, as now by prooſe I trye.

Though ſecret ſpight by craft, hath made a coate of Panter ſkin,
And thinks to finde me in the ſhade, by ſleight to wrapp me in,
Yet God bee praized my eye is cleare, and can beholde the Sunne:
When falſhood dare not once appeare, to ende that he begunne,
Thus tyme ſhall crie the thyng amiſſe, whiche God ſaue ſhortly ſende,
And tourne the harte that fained is, to bee a faithfull frende.

FINIS. M. Hunnis.

His comparifon of Loue.

The Spider with greate ſkill, doeth trauell daie by daie,
His hymmes no tyme lye ſtill, to ſet his houſe in ſtate.
And when he hath it wrought, thinkyng therein to raigne,
A blaſte of winde vnthought, doeth daine it doune againe.

The prooſe whereof is true, to make his worke indure,
He paynes hym ſelf a newe, in hope to dwell more ſure:
And in ſome ſecret place, a corner of a wall,
He frameth hym ſelf a pace, to builde and reſt withall.

His pleaſure ſweete to ſtate, when he to reſt is bene,
An vgly ſhamble flee, approacheth to his tent:
And htere entendes by force, his labours greate to win,
Orels to yelde his coyle, by ſatall death therein.

Thus is the Spiders neſt, from tyme to tyme throwne downe,
And he to labour preſt, with endleſſe paine vnknowne.
So ſuche as Louers bee, like trauell doe attaine,
Thoſe endleſſe works ye ſee, are alwaies full of paine.

FINIS. M. Hunnis.

63
an endleſſe worke. 69

A Lovers ioye.

I haue no ioye, but dreame of ioye, and ioye to thinke on ioye,
 A ioye I withstoode, for to enioye, to finishe myne annoye,
 I hate not without cause alas, yet Loue I knowe not why,
 I thought to hate, I can not hate, although that I should dye,
 A foe moste sweete, a frende moste sower, I ioye for to embrace,
 I hate the wrong, and not the wight, that workt my wofull case:
What thyng it is I knowe not I, but yet a thyng there is,
That in my fancie still perswads, there is no other blisse.
 The ioyes of life, the pangs of death, it make me feelee eche date,
 But life nor death, this humout can, deuise to weare awaie,
 Faine would I dye, but yet in death no hope I see remaines,
 And shall I liue? since life I see, a course of sorie paines:
 What is it then that I doe seeke, what ioye would I aspire,
 A thyng that is deuine belike, to high for mans desire.

FINIS. F. K.

Enill to hym that euill thinketh.

The subtill slilie sleights, that worloly men doe worke,
 The friendly showes, vnder whose shade, in ofte craft doeth often
 Enforceth me alas, with yernfull voyce to saie, *(Lurke:*
 Wo worthe the wilie heads that seeks, the simple mans decaie,

The birde that preads no guile, is sonest caught in snare,
Eche gentle harte deuoude of crafte, is sonest brought to care:
 Good nature sonest trapt, whiche giues me cause to saie,
 Wo worthe the wilie heads, that seeks the simple mans decaie.

I see the Serpent vile, that lurkes vnder the grene,
 How subtilly he shroods hym self, that he maie not be sene;
 And yet his fosters bane, his leryng lookes bewraie,
 Wo worthe the wilie heads that seeks, the simple mans decaie.

Wo worthe the feinyng looks, on fauour that we doe waite,
 Wo worthe the fetned frendly harte, that harbours deepe deceite:
 Wo worthe the flippers broode, oh chuse wo worthe I saie,
 All worlolie wilie heads, that seeks the simple mans decaie.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

He assureth his constancie.

I. I.

With

66
With painted speache I list not proue, my cunnyng for to trie,
 Nor yet will vse to fill my penne, with gilefull flatterie:
 With pen in hand, & hart in brest, shall faithful promise make
 To loue you beste, and serue you mooste, by your greate vertues sake.

And sure dame Nature hath you deckt, with gifts aboue the reste,
 Let not Disdaine a harborr finde, within your noble brestes:
 For Loue hath lead his lawe alike to men of eche degre,
 So that the Begger with the Prince, shall Loue as well as he.

I am no Prince I muste confesse, nor yet of Princes line,
 Nor yet a brutish Begger boine, that feeds among the Swiner:
 The fruite shall trie the Tree at laste, the blossomes good or no,
 Then doe not iudge of me the worse, till you haue tried me so.

As I deserue, so then reward, I make you iudge of all,
 If I be false in woorde or deede, let Lightnyng Thunder fall:
 And Furies sell with franticke fits, bereue and stay my breahe,
 For an example to the reste, if I shall breake my saithe.

73 FINIS. M. Hunnis.

67
 Complaining his mishapp to his frende, he complaineth wittely.

A. **T**he fire shall freze, the frost shall frile the frozen moitains bie

B. What straunge things hath dame natures force, to turne her

A. By Loue hath me left, and taken a newe man: (course awie

B. This is not straunge, it happes ofte tymes, the truthe to scan,

A. The more is my paine, B. her Loue then refraine.

A. Who thought she would flitt, B. eche one that hath witt,

A. Is this not straunge, B. light Loue will chaunge.

A. By skilfull meanes I here reclaine, to stoope vnto my lure,

B. Suche haggard Haukes will soare awaie, of them who can be sure

A. With silver bells and hooe, my ioye was her to decke,

B. She was full gorge, she would the soner glue the checke,

A. The more is my paine, B. her Loue then refraine:

A. Who thought she would flitt, B. eche one that hath witt,

A. Is not this straunge, B. light Loue will chaunge,

A. Her chirpyng lips should chirpe to me, swete words of her desire

B. Suche chirpyng birdes who euer sawe, to preach still on one bier,

A. She sated she loued me beste, and would not till she die,

B. She sated in wordes, she thought it not, as tyme doeth trie.

A. The

A. The more is my paine, B. her Loue then refraine:

A. Who thought he would flitt, B. eche one that hath witt,

A. Is not this straunge, B. light Loue will chaunge.

A. Can no man winne a woman so, to make her Loue endure,

B. To make the Fore his wiles to leaue, what man will put in vze?

A. Why then there is no choise, but all women will chaunge,

B. As men doe vse, so some women doe Loue to raunge.

A. The more is my paine, B. her Loue then refraine,

A. Who thought he would flitt, B. eche one that hath witt:

A. Is not this straunge, B. light Loue will chaunge.

A. Sith slipper gaine falles to my lot, farewell that gliding prais,

B. Sith that the dice doeth runne awrie, betymes leaue of thy plaie.

A. I will no more lamente, the thyng I maie not haue,

B. Then by exchaunge the losse to come, all shalt thou saue.

A. Loue will I refraine, B. thereby thou shalt gaine,

A. With losse I will leaue, B. she will thee deceiue;

A. That is not straunge, B. then let her raunge,

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

74 No paines comparable to his attempt.

L Ike as the dolefull Dove, delights alone to bee,

And doeth refuse the bloumed branche, chusing the leasleste tree.

Whereon wailng his chaunce, with bitter teares besprent,

Doeth with his bill, his tender breaste ofte pearle and all to rent.

Whose greuous gronngs cho: whose grips of pinyng paine,

Whose gasty lookes, whose bloudie streams out flowng fro ech baine.

Whose fallng from the tree, whose pantng on the grounde,

Examples bee of myne estate, tho there appere no wounde.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

75 Her repenteth his follie.

vide cantus 19.

A Lacke when I looke backe, vpon my youth thatz passe,

And deeply ponder youthes offence, and youths reward at lasse.

With sighes and teares I saie, O God I not denie,

My youth with follie hath deserued, with follie for to die.

But yet if euer synfull man, might mercie moue to ruche,

Good Lorde with mercie doe forgiue, the follies of my youth.

In youth I rangde the feelde, where vices all did growe,

A. ii.

In

The Paradise

In youth alas I wanted grace, suche bise to ouerchowe,
In youth what I thought sweete, moste bitter now do finde,
Thus hath the follies of my youth, with folly kept me blind
Yet as the Eagle casts her bill, whereby her age renneth,
So Lorde with mercie doe forgine, the follies of my youth.

FINIS. M. Humis.

76 *No pleasure without some paine.*

70
How can the tree but wast, and wither awaie,
That hath not sometyme comforte of the Sunne:
How can that flower but fade, and sone decaille,
That alwaies is with darcke clouds runne.
Is this a life, naye death you maie it call,
That feesles eche paine, and knoweth no ioye at all.

What foodlesse beast can liue long in good plight?
Or is it life, where fences there be none:
Or what auaieth eyes without their light?
Or els a tongue, to hym that is alone.
Is this a life, naye death you maie it call,
That feesles eche paine, and knowes no ioy at all.

Wherto serue eares, if that there be no sound
Or suche a head, where no deuise doeth grame:
But all of plaines, since sorow is the grounde,
Whereby the harte doeth pine in deauble moe.
Is this a life, naye death you maie it call,
That feesles eche paine, and knowes no ioy at all.

FINIS. L. Vanx.

77 *The fruite of feined frendes.*

71
In choise of frends what hap had I, to chuse one of Cirës kind (blind
whose harp, whose pipe, whose melody could fede my ears & make me
Whose pleasant voice made me forget, & in sure trust is gret deceit.
In trust I see is treason fannde, and man to man deceitfull is,
And whereas treasure doeth abound, of flatterers there doe not misse:
Whose painted speache, & outward show, do seme as frends & be not so.
Would I haue thought in thee to be, the nature of the Crocabil:
Whiche if a man a slepe maie see, with bloudie thirst desires to kill:
And then to teares a while gan wepe, the death of him thus slain a slepe

O fauell false, thou traitor borne, what mischief more might I deuise
Then thy deare friend to haue in scorne, & hym to wound in sundry wise
Whiche still a frende pretends to bee, and are not so by prooofe I see.
Fie, fie, vpon such trecherie. W. H.

If such false Shippes doe haunte the shoze,
Strike doune the saile and trust no more. M. Edwardes.

78 A dialogue betwene a Gentleman and his Loue.

72

A. Shall I no waie winne you, to graunt my desire?
B. That woman will graunt you, the thyng you require:
A. You onely to Loue me, is all that I craue,
B. You onely to leaue me, is all I would haue.
A. My deare alas, now saie not so,
B. To Loue you beste I must saie no:
A. Yet will I not flitt, B. then plaie on the bitt.
B. I will, B. doe still, A. yet kill not, B. I will not.
A. Make me your man, B. beshewe me than.
A. The swifter I folowe, then you flie awaie,
B. Swift hauks in their flying, oft tymes misse their praye,
A. Yet some killeth deadly, that flie to the marke:
B. You shall touche no feather, thereof take no carke.
A. Yet hope shall further my desire,
B. You blowe the coales, and raise no fire,
A. Yet will I not flitt, B. then plaie on the bitt.
B. I will, B. doe still, A. yet kill not, B. I will not,
A. Make me your man, B. beshewe me than.
A. To Loue is no daunger, where true Loue is ment,
B. I will Loue no ranger, least that I repent:
A. My Loue is no raunger, I make God auow,
B. To trust your smothe sayngs, I sure knowe not how.
A. Moste truche I meane, as tyme shall well crie,
B. No truche in men, I ofte espie,
A. Yet will I not flitt, B. then plaie on the bitt.
B. I will, B. doe still, A. yet kill not, B. I will not,
A. Make me your man, B. beshewe me than.
A. Some women maie saie naie, and meane Loue moste true,
B. Some women can make fooles, of as wise men as you.

A. iij.

A. In

The Paradise

A. In tyme I shall catche you, I knowe when and where.
B. I will sone dispathe you, you shall not come there.
A. Some speeds at length, that ofte haue misse,
B. I am well armde, come when you like.
A. Yet will I not flitt, *B.* then plaie on the bite.
A. I will, *B.* doe still, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not,
A. Make me your man, *B.* beshewe me than.
A. Yet worke your kinde kindly, graunt me Loue for Loue,
B. I will vse you frendly, as I shall you proue:
A. Wotte true you shall finde me, I this doe protest,
B. Then sure you shall binde me, to graunte your request.
A. O happie threede, now haue I spunne,
B. You syng before the conquest wonne.
A. Why then, will you swarue, *B.* euen as you desarue:
A. Loue still, *B.* I will, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not,
A. Make me your man, *B.* come to me than.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

Exclamyng vpon his unkinde Loue his frende replieth wittely.

M. **W**hat death maie bee, compared to Loue?
H. What grief therein, now doest thou proue?
M. My paines alas, who can expresse,
H. I see no cause of heauinesse.
M. My Ladies looks, my woe hath wrought:
H. Then blame thyne eyes, that firste hath sought,
M. I burne alas, and blowe the fire,
H. A foole consumes by his desire.
M. What shall I doe than? *H.* come out and thou canst,
M. Alas I die, *H.* what remedie?
M. My sugred sweete, is mixed with gall,
H. Thy Ladie can not doe with all:
M. The more I seeke, the lesse I finde,
H. Then strue not with the streame and wind,
M. Per must I Loue, although I smarte,
H. With her owne sword, thou staieest thy hart
M. Suche pleasaunt baits, who can refraine,
H. Suche baits will sure bryede thee greate paine,

M. What

M. What shall I doe than? H. Come out and thou can.
M. Alas I die, H. what remedie.
M. Her golden beames, myne eyes doe daze,
H. Upon the Sunne thou maiest not gaze:
M. She might reward my cruell smarte,
H. She thinks thou hardst a fained harte.
M. She laughs to heare my wofull cries,
H. Forsake her then, in tyme bee wise:
M. No, no, alas, that maie not bee,
H. No wise man then, will pitie thee,
M. What shall I doe than? H. come out and thou can.
M. Alas I die, H. what remedie.
M. A liuyng death, loe thus I proue,
H. Suche are the frutes of froward Louer:
M. O that I might her Loue once gaine,
H. Thy gaine would not, halfe quite the paine.
M. Her will I Loue, though she be coye,
H. A foole hym self, will still annoy:
M. Who will not die, for suche a one?
H. Bee wise at length, let her alone:
M. I can not doe so, H. then be thy owne fo,
M. Alas I die, H. what remedie.

FINIS. E. S.

*The complaint of a Louer, wearyng
Blacke and Tannie.*

74

W Crowne of Baies shall that man weare,
That triumphs ouer me:
For Blacke and Tannie will I weare,
Whiche mourning coulers bee.

The more I followe on, the more she fled awaie,
As Daphne did full long agoe, Apollos wishfull praier:
The more my plaints resounde, the lesse she pities me,
The more I sought, the lesse I founde, that myne she meant to be.

Helypomene, alas with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And syng Bis woe worthe on me forsaken man:

Then

The Paradise

Then Daphnes Baies shall that man weare, that triumphs ouer me,
For Blacke and Tawnie will I weare, whiche mourning colours be.

Droune me you tricklyng teares, you wailfull wights of woe,
Come helpe these hands to rent my heares, my reufull hap to shoue:
On whom the scorchyng flames of Loue, doeth feede you see,
Ah a lalalantida my deare Dame, hath thus tormented me.

Wherefore you Puses nine, with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And syng *Bis* woe worthe on me forsaken man:

Then Daphnes Baies shall that man weare, that triumphs ouer me,
For Blacke and Tawnie will I weare, whiche mourning colours be.

An Acres life to leade, with nailles to scratche my graue,
Where pearchly wormes on me shall feede, is all the ioyes I craue:
And hide my self from shame, sicke that myne eyes doe see,
Ah a lalalantida my deare dame, hath thus tormented me.

And all that present bee, with dolefull tunes helpe than:
And syng *Bis* woe worthe on me, forsaken man,

FINIS. E. O.

Findyng no releef, he complaineth thus.

75 #
Inquest of my releef, I finde distresse,
In recompence of Loue, moſte depe diſdaine:
My langour ſuche, as words maie not expreſſe,
A ſhower of teares, my watryſhe eye doeth raine.
I dreame of this, and doe deuine of woe,
I wander in the thoughts of my ſweete foe.

I would no peace, the cauſe of warre I ſlie,
I hope, I feare, I burne, I chill in froſte:
I lye a lowe, yet mounts my mynde on hie,
Thus doubtfull ſtormes, my troubled thoughts haue toſſe,
And for my paine, this pleaſure doe I proue,
I hate my ſelf, and pine in others Loue.

The worlde I graſpe, yet holde I nought at all,
At libertie I ſeme, in priſon pent:
I taſte the ſweete, moze ſower then bitter gall,
My ſhipp ſemes ſounde, and yet her ribbs bee rent.
And out alas, on Fortune falſe I crie,

Looke

Looke what I craue, that still she doeth denie.

Bothe life and death, be equall vnto me,

I doe desire to die, yet craue I life.

My witts with sondrie thoughts doe disagree,

My self am with my self at mortall strife.

As warmth of Sunne, doeth melte the siluer Snowe,

The heate of Loue, beholde consumes me so.

FINIS. R. Hall.

A Loner disdained, complaineth.

76

If euery man had loue to dearly bought,

Lo I am he that plaies within her mazes

And finds no waie, to get the same I sought.

But as the Dere are driuen vnto the gaze.

And to augment the grief of my desire,

My self to burne, I blowe the fire:

But shall I come nye you?

Of force I must flie you.

What death alas, maie be compared to this,

I plaie within the maze of my sweete foe:

And when I would of her but craue a kis,

Disdaine enforceth her awaie to goe.

My self I checke: yet doe I twiste the twine,

The pleasure hers, the paine is myne,

But shall I come nye you.

Of force I must flie you.

You courtelly wights, that wants your pleasaunt choyse,

Lende me a floud of teares, to waile my chaunce:

Happie are thei in Loue, that can reioyse,

To their greate paines, where Fortune doeth aduaunce,

But sith my sute alas, can not preuaile,

Full freight wich care, in grief still will I waile:

Sith you will nedes flie me,

I maie not come nye you.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

Beyng in Lone, he complaineth.

R.

He

The Paradise

77 **I**f care or skill, could conquere vaine desire,
 Or reasons raignes, my strong affection state
 Then should my sighs to quiet brest retire,
 And shunne suche signes, as secret thoughts betraie.
 Uncomely Loue, whiche now lurks in my breast,
 Should cease my grief, through wisdomes power oppress.

But who can leaue, to looke on Venus face:
 Or yeldeth not, to Junos high estate:
 What witt so wise, as giues not Pallas place,
 These vertues rare, eche Gods did yelde amate.
 Saue her alone, who yet on pearth doeth raigne,
 Whose beauties stryng, no God can well destraine.

What worldly wight, can hope for heavenly hire,
 When onely lightes, must make his secret more:
 A silent sute, doeth selde to grace aspyre,
 My haplesse happ doeth roule the restless stone,
 Yet Phebe faire, disdaine the heauens above,
 To ioye on pearth, her poore Edmions loue.

Rare is reward, where none can iustly craue,
 For chaunce is choise, where reason makes no claime:
 Yet lucke sometymes, dispairyng soules doeth saue,
 A happie Starre made Giges ioye attaine,
 A slauihe Smiche, of rude and rascall race,
 Founde meanes in tyme, to gaine a Goddes grace.

Then loffie Loue, thy sacred sailes aduauce,
 My sichyng seas shall flowe with streames of teares:
 Amidds disdaine, bryue for the my dolefull chaunce.
 A valiaunt mynde, no deadly daunger feares.
 Who loues alofte, and setts his harte on hie,
 Deserues no paine, though he doe vine and die.

FINIS, E. O.

84 A Lower reiected, complaineth.

78 **T**he tricklyng teares, that falles along my cheeks,
 The secret sighs, that shewes my inward grief:
 The present paines perforce, that Loue aye seeks,
 Bidds me renewe, my cares without relief.

this song is sayde. set.

In

In wofull song in dole displaie,
My pensue harte for to bewraie.

Bewraie thy grief, thy wofull harte with speede,
Resigne thy voyce, to her that causbe thy woe:
With irksome cries, bewaile thy late doen deede,
For she thou louest, is sure thy mortall foe,
And helpe for thee, there is none sure,
But still in paine, thou must endure.

The stricken Deare hath helpe, to heale his wounde,
The haggerd Hauke, with toyle is made full came:
The strongest Tower, the Canon laies on grounde,
The wisest witt, that euer had the same.
Was thall to Loue, by Cupids sleights,
Then waie my case with equall weights.

She is my ioye, she is my care and wo,
She is my paine, she is my ease therefore:
She is my death, she is my life also,
She is my salue, she is my wounded soze.
In fine, she hath the hande and knife,
That maie bothe saue, and ende my life.

And shall I liue on yearch to be her thall?
And shall I sue, and serue her all in vaine?
And kisse the strepps, that she lets fall,
And shall I praise the Gods, to keepe the paine.
From her, that is so cruell still,
No, no, on her wooke all your will.

And let her feeles the power of all your might
And let her haue her moste desire with speede:
And let her pine awaie, bothe daie and night,
And let her mone, and none lament her neede,
And let all those, that shall her see,
Despise her state, and piete me.

FINIS. E. O.

Not attaining to his desire, he complaineth.

I Am not as seme to bee, nor when I smile, I am not glade:
A thall although you count me free, I moste in mirth, most pensue saue:

R. 1.

79

The Paradise

I smile to shade my bitter spight, as Hamiball that saue in sight:
His countrie soile with Carthage toun: by Romain force defaced down.

And Cesar that presented was, with noble Pompeis princely heade,
As twere some iudge to rule the race a shoulde of teares he sende to shed
Although in deede it sprong of ioye, yet other thought it was annoye,
Thus contraries be vled I finde, of wise to cloke the couert mynde.

I Hamiball that smiles for grief, and let you Cesars grief suffice,
The one that laughs at his mischief, the other all for ioye that cries:
I smile to see me scorned so, you weepe for ioye to see me woe,
And I a harte by Loue slaine deade, presents in place of Pompeis head.

O cruell happ, and harde estate, that forceth me to loue my fo,
Accursed bec so foule a fate, my choyse for to p̄fixe it so:
So long to fight with secret sore, and finde no secret salue therefore,
Some urge their paine by plaint I finde, but I in vaine doe breath my
FINIS. E. Ox. (winde.

86 His mynde not quietly settled, he writeth thus.

EUen as the waxe doeth melte, or dewe consume awaie
Before the Sunne, so I behold through carefull thoughtes decaye:
For my beste lucke leads me, to suche sinister state,
That I doe waste with others Loue, that hatch my self in hate.
And he that beats the bushe, the wished birde not gets,
But suche I see as stretch still, and holds the foulyng netts.

The Drone more Honie sucks, that laboureth not at all,
Then doeth the Bee, to whole more paine, least pleasure doeth befall:
The Gardner sowes the seeds, whereof the flowers doe growe,
And others yet doe gather them, that tooke lesse paine I knowe.
So I the pleasaunt Grape haue pulled from the Vine,
And yet I languishe in greates thirste, while others drinke the wine.

Thus like a wofull wight, I woue the webb of woe,
The more I would weede out my cares, the more thei seme to growe:
The whiche betokeneth, forsaken is of me,
That with the carefull Culuer climes, the woine and withered tree.
To entertaine my thoughts, and there my happ to mone,
That neuer am lesse idle loe, then when I am alone.

FINIS. E. Ox.

Tha

87

That Loue is requited by disdain.

81

In searche of thyngs that secret are, my mated muse began,
What it might be, molested moste the head and mynde of man.
The bendyng brow of princes face, to wrathe that doeth attende,
Or want of parents, wife or childe, or losse of faithfull frende,
The rooyng of the Canon shot, that makes the peere to shake,
Or terrour suche as mightie Ioue, from heauen aboue can make,
All these in fine maie not compare experience so doeth proue,
Unto the torments sharpe and strange, of suche as be in loue.

Loue looks a loft and laughs to scoyne all suche as greife anoye.
The more extreme their passions be, the greater is his ioye.
Thus Loue as victor of the felde, triumphs aboue the rest,
And ioyes to see his subiects lye, with liuyng death in brest.
But dire disdain lets dyue a shaft, and gauls this braggyng foole,
He plucks his plumes, vnbendes his bowe and sets hym newe to scole,
Whereby this boye, that bragged late, as conquerer ouer all,
Now yelds hym self vnto disdain his beshall and his thrall.

FINIS. W. Hamis.

Of a contented state.

82

In wealch we se some wealchis men, abound in wealch moste welchely
In wealch we se those men again, in wealch do liue moste wretchedly.
And yet of wealche haupng more store,
The more of wealch thei had before,
These welch men do seme to want, thei seme to want y most thei haue
The more postes, y more thei craue, the more thei craue y greater store
That moste thei haue, thei thinke but skant.
Yet not content, wo be therfore,
The simple men that lesse wealch haue, with lesser wealch we se content,
Content are thei thwixt wealch and scath, a life to lead indifferent.
And thus of wealch these men haue more,
Then those of whiche we spoke before.

FINIS. W. Hamis.

L.s.

Beyng

The Paradise

Beyng disdained, he complaineth.

83

If frendlesse faiche if gilelesse thoughte maie shielde
If simple truthe that neuer meant to swaue:
If deare desire accepted fruite doe yelde,
If greedie luste in loyall life doeth sarue.
Then maie my plainte bewaile my heauie harme:
That seekyng calme, haue stumbled on the storne.

My wonted cheare, eclipsed by the cloude,
Of deepe disdaine, through error of reporte:
If wearie woe entwapped in the shroude,
Lies flaine by tongue of the unfrendly sorte.
Yet heauen and yearch, and all that Nature wrought,
I call to bowe of my blyspotted thought.

No shade I seeke in parte, to shielde my tainte,
But simple truthe, I hunt no other sure:
On that I gaze, the issue of my plainte,
If that I quail, let Iustice me confute.
If that my place, emongs the gilelesse sorte,
Repaie by dome, my name and good reporte.

Goe heauie verse, pursue desired grace,
Where pitie shynde in cell of secret brest:
Awaites my haste, the rightfull loe to place,
And loches to see, the gilelesse man oppress.
Whose vertues greates, hath crownde her more with fame:
Then kynge lyke state, though largely shine the same.

FINIS. L. Vanx.

84

Of the meane estate,

The higher that the Cedar tree, into the heauens doe growe,
The more in daunger is the top, when furiose winds gan blowe,

With.

Who Judges then in princely throne, to bee denoide of hate,
Doeth not yet knowe, what heapes of ill, lies hid in suche estate.
Suche dangers great, suche gripes of minde, suche toile do thes sustaine
That often tymes, of God thei wishe, to bee vnkynge again.

For as the huge and mightie rockes, withstande the ragyng seas,
So kyngdomes in subiection bee, whereas dame Fortune please:
Of brittle ioye, of smil yng cheare, of Donie mixte with Gall,
Alotted is to euery Prince, in freedome to bee thall.
What watches long, what sleps vn sure, what grefes and care of minde
What bitter broiles, what endlesse toiles, to kyngdomes bee allingde.

The subiect then maie well compare, with prince for pleasant daies,
Whose silent nighe byrns quiet rest, whose sleps no storme betraies:
How muche bee we, then bounde to God, whoe suche prouision makes,
To laie our cares vpon the Prince, thus doeth he for our sakes.
To hym therefore, let vs liste vpon our harts, and prais a maine,
That euery Prince that he hath plast, maie long in quiet reigne.

FINIS. H. H.

Of a contented mynde.

When all is doene and fated, in the ende thus shall you finde,
The mooste of all doeth darst to blide, that hath a quiet minde:
And cleare from worlde care, to deame can bee content,
The sweetest tyme, in all this life, in thinking to bee spent.

The bodie subiecte is, to fickle Fortunes power,
And to a million of mishapps, is casuall euery hower:
And death in tyme doeth chaunge it to a clodde of claie,
When as the mynde whiche is deuine, runnes neuer to decate.

Companion none is like, vnto the mynde alone,
For many haue been harmde by speach, through thinking few or none:
Fewe often tymes restrainerth words, but maketh not thoughtes to cease,
And he speaks beste that hath the skill, when for to holde his peace.

Lij.

Dur

The Paradise

Our wealth leaues vs at death, our kinsmen at the graue,
But vertues of the mynde, vnto the heauens wylch vs haue;
Wherefore for vertues sake, I can be well content,
The sweetest tyme of all my life, to deeme in thynking spent.

86

FINIS. L. V. Canx.
Trie before you trust

To counsell my estate, abandonde to the spoyle,
Of forged frendes whose grossest fraude, is set with finest folle,
To verifie true dealyng wights, whose trust no creason breeds,
And all to deare thacquaintaunce be, of suche moste harmifull heads,
I am aduised thus who so doeth frende, frende so,
As though to morrowe next he feared, for to become a fo.

To haue a fained frende, no verill like I finde,
Of slepyng face maie mantell best, a mischief in the minde;
A paire of angels eares oft tymes, doeth hide a serpens harte,
Under whose gripes who so doeth come, to late complaines the smart,
Wherefore I doe aduise, who so doeth frende frende so,
As though to morrowe next he should become a mortall fo.

Refuse respectyng frends, that courtly knowe to faine,
For gold that winnes for golde, shall lose the self same frende againe;
The Quail needes neuer feare, in fowlers nettes to fall,
If he would neuer bende his eare to listen to his call,
Therefore trust not to lone, but when you frende frende so,
As though to morrowe next, ye feared for to become a fo.

87

FINIS. L. V. Canx.
He renounceth all the affectes of Lone.

Like as the Harte that listeth vp his eares,
To heare the hounds, that hach hym in the chace;
Doeth call the winde, in daungers and in feares,

Which

With flying foote, to passe awaite apace,
So must I flie of Loue the vaine pursute,
Whereof the gaine is lesser then the fruite.

And I also must lothe those learyng looks,
Where Loue doeth lurke still with his subtil snaits,
With painted mocks, and inward hidden hoks,
To trapp by trust, that lieth not inwaite.
The ende whereof, assaie it who so shall,
As sugred smart, and inward bitter gall.

And I must flie suche Cirian songs,
Wherewith that Circes, Alisses did enchaunt:
These wilie Watts I meane, with filed tongs,
That harts of Steele, haue power to daunt,
Who so as Hauke, that stoupeth to their call,
For moske delarte, receiueth least of all.

But woe to me that first behelde these eyes,
The trapp wherein I saie, that I was tane:
An onward salue, whiche inward me destroies,
Whereto I runne, as Rat vnto her bane.
As to the fishe, sometyme it doeth befall,
That with the baite, doth swallow hooke and al.

Within my breast, wherewith I daiely feed,
The vaine repast of amorous hott desire:
With loitering lust, so long that hath me feed,
Till he hath brought me to the flaming fire.
In tyme as Phenix ends her care and carks,
I make the fire, and burne my self with sparks.

FINIS. L. *Quax.*

Bethinking hym self of his ende, writeth thus.

To lours.

When I beholde the baier, my laste and postyng horlle,
That bare shall to the graue, my vile and carren corlle:
Then saie I seely wretche, why doest thou put thy truste,
In thyngs eithe made of claye, that sone will tourne to duste,

L. iij.

Doest

The Paradise.

Doest thou not see the young, the hardie and the faire,
That now are paste and gone, as though thei neuer were:
Doest thou not see thy self, drawe hourly to thy laste,
As shafts whiche that is shotte, at birds that flieth faste.

Doest thou not see how death, through smiterh with his launce,
Some by warre, some by plague, and some with worlde chaunce:
What thyng is there on yearth, for pleasure that was made,
But goeth more swifte awaie, then doeth the Sommer shade.

Loe here the Sommer floure, that sprong this other daie,
But Winter weareth as faste, and bloweth cleane awaie:
Euen so shalt thou consume, from youth to lothsome age,
For death he doeth not spare, the prince more then the page.

Thy house shall be of clate, a clotte vnder thy hedde,
Untill the latter daie, the graue shall be thy bedde:
Untill the blowyng trumpe, doeth saie to all and some,
Rise vp out of your graue, for now the Iudge is come.

FINIS. L. VANX.

89
Be yng in Loue, he complaineth.

Exfors by Loue and feare, to please and not offende,
Within the words you would me write, a message must I sende:
A wofull errande sure, a wretched man must write,
A wretched tale, a wofull head, belemeth to endite.

For what can be but walle, that hath but all he woulde,
And yet that all, is nought at all, but lacke of all he shoulde:
But lacke of all his mynde, what can be greater grief,
That haue and lacke, that likes hym best, must needs be moste mischief.

Now foole what makes thee walle, yet some might saie full well,
That hasteno harme but of thy self, as thou thy self canst tell:
To whom I aunswere thus, since all my harmes doe growe,
Upon my self, so of my self, some happ maie come I crowe.

And

And since I see bothe happ, and harme betids to me,
For present woe, my after blisse, will make me not forget thee:
Who hath a feld of golde, and maie not come therein,
Shall liue in hope till he haue forle, his treasure well to winne.

Whose ioyes by hope of dread, to conquere or to lose,
So greate a wealth doeth rise, and for example noeth disclose,
To winne the golden fiese, stoode Iason not in drede,
Till that Medea's hope of helpe, did giue hym hope to speede.

Yet sure his mynde was muche, and yet his feare the more,
That hath no happ but by your helpe, maie happ for to restore:
The ragyng Bulls he dread, yet by his Ladies charme,
He knewe it might be brought to passe, thei could doe little harme.

Unto whose grace yelue he, as I doe offer me,
Into your hands to haue his happ, not like hym for to be:
But as kyng Damiens, did binde hym to the will, some
Of Cressed false whiche hym forsoke, with Diomed to spill.

So I to you commende my faith, and eke my ioye,
I hope you will not bee so false, as Cressed was to Troper
For if I bee vntreue, her Lazares death I wishe,
And eke in thee if thou bee false, her clapper and her dishe.

FINIS. R. L.

95 *Be yng in trouble, he writeth thus.*

In terrours trapp with thraldome thrall,
Their thornie thoughts to calse and crie:
In conscience cleare from cause vniuste,
With carpyng teares did call and crie.
And laied O God, yet thou art he,
That can and will deliuer me.

Be.

Thus tremblyng there with teares I trodd,
To sotten tide in truches defence:

With

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The Paradise

With sighes and sobbs, I saied O God,
Let right not haue this recompence,
Lest that my foes might laugh to se,
That thou wouldest not deliuer me. *Bis.*

My soule then to repentance ranne,
My ragged clothes all rent and corne:
And did bewaile the losse it wanne,
With lothsome life so long forlorne.
And saied O God, yet thou art he,
That can and will deliuer me. *Bis.*

Then comfort came with clothes of ioye,
Whose semes were faithfull stedfastnesse:
And did bedecke the naked boye,
That erst was full of wretchednesse.
And saied be glad for God is he,
That shortly will deliuer thee. *Bis.*

FINIS. W. H. [unnis]

Byng troubled in mynde, he
writeth as followeth.

The bitter sweate that straines my yelved harte,
The carelesse count, that doeth the same emacer:
The doubtfull hope, to reape my due desarte,
The pensive pathe that guids my restless race,
Are at suche warre within my wounded brest,
As doeth bereue my ioye and eke my rest.

My greedie will, that seeks the golden gaine,
My lucklesse lot, doeth alwaie take in worthe:
My mated mynde, that dreads my fates in baue,
My piteous plaint, doeth helpe to set it forthe.
So that betwene twoo waues of ragyng seas,
I dye my daies in troubles and deafe.

My wofull eyes doe take their chief delighe,
To feede their fill vpon the pleasaunt maze:
My hidden harmes that growe in me by sight,
With pynning paines, doe driue me fro the gaze,
And to my hope I reape no other hire,
But burne my self, and I doe blowe the fire.

FINIS. I. Haiwood.

Looke or you leape.

If thou in suertie safe wilt sit,
If thou delight at reste to dwell,
Spende no more words then shall seme fit,
Let tonge in silence talke expell,
In all things that thou seest men bent,
See all, saie nought, holde thee content,

saie nothinge

92

In worldly woorks degrees are thre,
Makers, doers, and lookers on:
The lookers on haue libertie,
Bothe the others to iudge vpon,
Wherefore in all, as men are bent,
See all, saie nought, holde thee content.

The makers ofte are in faulce founde,
The doers doubt, of praise or shame:
The lookers on finde surest grounde,
Thei haue the fruite, yet free from blame,
This doeth perswade in all here ment,
See all, saie nought, holde thee content.

The Prouerbe is not South and West,
Whiche hath bee saied, long tyme agoe:
Of little medlyng cometh rest,
The busie man neuer wanteth woe,
The beste wate is, in all worlds sent,
See all, saie nought, holde thee content.

FINIS. Iasper Heywood.

Sp. J.

Though

The Paradise

Though Fortune haue set thee on fire,
Remember yet that thou shalt die.

Lovers.

43
TO die, Dame nature did man frame, ~~not nature but sinne~~
Death is a thyng moſte perfecte ſure:
We ought not natures workes to blame,
She made nothyng, ſtill to endure.
That lawe ſhe made, when we were borne,
That hence we ſhould retourne againe:
To render right, we muſt not ſcozne,
Death is due debt, it is no paine.

The ciuill lawe doech bid reſtore,
That thou haſt taken vp of truſte:
Thy life is lent, thou muſt therefore,
Repaie, except thou be vniuſte.
This life is like a pointed race,
To the ende wherof when man hath crode,
He muſt retourne to former place,
He maie not ſtill remaine abrode.

Death hath in all the yearch a right;
His power is greate, it ſtretcheth farre:
No Lorde, no Prince, can ſcape his wight,
No creature can his duetie barre,
The wiſe, the ſill, the ſtrong, the ſhe,
The chaſt, the meke, the free of hart,
The riche, the poore, who can denye,
Haue yelded all vnto his darte.

Could Hercules that tambe eche wight?
Or Uliſſes with his witt?
Or Janus who had all foreſight?
Or chaſt Hypolit ſcape the pitte?
Could Creſus with his bagges of golde?
Or Iruſ with his hungrie paine?
Or Signus through his hardineſſe bolde?
Or ſine backe the daies of Death againe.

Seyng no man then can Death escape,
Nor hire hym hence for any gaine:
Wee ought not feare his carraine shape,
He onely bypns euell men to paine,
If thou haue ledde thy life a right,
Death is the ende of miserie:
If thou in God hast thy delight,
Thou diest to liue eternallie.

Ecce wight therefore while he liues here,
Let hym thinke on his dyng daie:
In midst of wealthe, in midst of chere,
Let hym accompt he must awaie.
This thought makes man to God a frende,
This thought doeth banishe pride and spenne:
This thought doeth bypns a man in chende,
Where he of Death the field shall winne.

FINIS. T. Marshall.

The complaint of a Synner.

96

O Heauenly God, O Father deare, cast doune thy tender eye,
Upon a wretche that prostrate here, before thy throne doeth lye:
O poure thy precious oyle of grace, into my wounded harte,
O let the droppe of mercie swage, the rigour of my smarte.

By faintyng soule suppressed soze, with carefull cloggs of synne,
In humble soze submits it self, thy mercie for to winne:
Graunt mercie then O Sauour sweete, to me mosse wofull thrall,
Whose moynfull crie to thee, O Lorde, doeth still for mercie call.

Thy blessed will I haue despised, vpon a stubborne mynde,
And to the swaie of worldly thyngs, my self I haue enclinde:
Forgettynge heauen and heauely powers, where God & saintes do dwell
By life had like to tread the pathe, that leads the wate to hell.

But now my Lorde my lode starre bright, I will no more doe so,
To thynke vpon my former life, my harte doeth melle for woe:
Alas I sigh, alas I sobbe, alas I doe repent:
That euer my licencious will, so wickedly was bent.

H. ij.

Sith

The Paradise

Sith thus therefore with yernfull plaint, I doe thy mercie craue,
O Lorde for thy greate mercies sake, let me thy mercie haue:
Restore to life the wretched soule, that els is like to die,
So shall my voyce vnto thy name, syng praise eternallie.

Now blessed be the Father first, and blessed be the Sonne,
And blessed be the holie Ghoste, by whom all thyngs are doen:
Blesse me O blessed Trinitie, with thy eternall grace,
That after death my soule maie haue, in heauen a dwellyng place.

FINIS. F. Kiddlemarsh.

The fruite that sprynges from wilfull mis, is ruth and ruine rage,
And sure what heedelesse youth committes, repentance rues in age.

I Rage in restlesse ruth, and ruins rule my daies,
I rue (so late) my rechtelesse youth, by rules of reasons waies:
I ranne so long a race, in searcke of surest waie,
That leasure learnde me tread the trace, that ledde to leude decaie.
I gaue so large a raine, to vnrestrained bict,
That now with proofof after paine, I waile my want of witt:
I trilled for the tyme, with trust to self conceites,
Whilst plenties vble pricke for the my prime, to searck for sugred bautes
Wherein once learnde to finde, I founde so sweete a taste,
That due foresight of after speede, self will esteemed waste.
Whiche will throught wilfulnesse, hath wrought my wiclesse fall,
And heedelesse youthes buskifullnesse, hath layd my life in thrall.
Whereby by proofof I knowe, that pleasure breedeth paine,
And he that euill seede doeth sow, euill fruite must reape againe.
Let suche therefore whose youth, and yurses are in prime,
Foresee and shun the helpelesse ruth, whiche sues mispence of tyme.
For want is nexte to waste, and shame doeth synne ensue,
Euill speedyng proofof hath heedelesse haste, my self haue proued to true.
When neighbours nexte houle burnes, tis tyme thereof take heede,
For Fortunes wheele hath choise of turnes, whiche change of chances
My satle hath been a losse, though now I beare but lowe, (heede
Who clims to high selve fallerh losse, dedst ebbe hath highest flowe.

FINIS. F. Floop.

